

June THE *Brodie*

M U S E ' S

POCKET COMPANION.

Burgie A L-2-21

C O L L E C T I O N

O F

P O E M S.

B Y

Lord Carlisle.
Lord Lyttleton.
Hon. C. Fox.
Dean Percy.
Dr. Beattie.
Goldsmith.
Cumberland.
Bernard.
Langhorne.
Arbuthnot.

✦ Miss Carter.
✦ Moore.
✦ Mr. Mallet.
✦ Mafon.
✦ Garrick.
✦ Collins.
✦ Fitzpatrick.
✦ Edwards.
✦ Whitehead.
✦ Tickell.

L O N D O N :

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T H E
M I N S T R E L;
O R, T H E
P R O G R E S S O F G E N I U S.

T H E F I R S T B O O K.

A H! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days,
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Wou'd shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had Hæ, whose simple tale these artless lines
proclaim.

III.

This sapient age disclaims all classic lore ;
 Else I should here in cunning phrase display,
 How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
 Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
 His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :
 And, from his bending shoulder, decent hung
 His harp, the sole companion of his way,
 Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
 And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not yourselves, ye filken sons of pride.
 That a poor wanderer should inspire my strain.
 'The muses fortune's fickle smile deride,
 Nor ever bow the knee in Mammon's fane ;
 For their delights are with the village train,
 Whom nature slaves engage, and nature's charms :
 They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain ;
 The parasite their influence never warms,
 Nor him whose fardid soul the love of wealth alarms.

V

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
 Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
 Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
 While warbling larks on russet pinions float ;
 Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
 Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
 O let them ne'er with artificial note,
 To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
 But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they
 will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind nature's hand ;
 Nor was perfection made for man below.
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,



If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
 Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies.
 And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent Muse
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
 Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
 Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
 Know thine own worth and reverence the lyre.
 Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd;
 No; let thy heaven-taught soul, to heaven aspire
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign;
 Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind,

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
 On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
 Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen;
 Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
 Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene)
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

XI.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields!
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
 And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.

But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart ;
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme.
 The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.—
 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

XI.

There liv'd in Gothic days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
 Whose fires, perchance, in Faryland might dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie :*
 A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent though free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms,
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
 An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
 His drink the living water from the rock ;
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent,
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings wheresoe'er they
 went.

* There is hardly an ancient Ballad, or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been "*Of the North countrie.*" It is probable that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the North of the Trent.

See *Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.*

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment springs,
 Contentment opes the source of every joy.
 He envied not, he never thought of kings ;
 Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
 Which chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy ;
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercaſt,
 Nor blaſted were their wedded days with ſtrife ;
 Each ſeaſon look'd delightful as it paſt,
 To the fond huſband, and the faithful wife.
 Beyond the lowly vale of ſhepherd life
 They never roam'd ; ſecure beneath the ſtorm
 Which in Ambition's lofty land is riſe,
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy induſtrious deform.

XV.

The wight whoſe tale theſe artleſs lines unfold,
 Was all the offſpring of this ſimple pair.
 His birth no oracle or ſeer foretold :
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a ſtrange event declare.
 You gueſs each circumſtance of EDWIN's birth ;
 The parent's tranſport, and the parents care ;
 The Goſſip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth
 And one long ſummer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
 Deep thought oft ſeem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
 Save one ſhort pipe of rudeſt minſtrelſy.
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though ſhy ;
 And now his look was moſt demurely ſad,

And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet blest the lad;
 Some deem'd him wond'rous wife, and some believ'd
 him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display?
 Concourse and noise, and toil he ever fled;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
 Or, roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
 There would he wander wild, 'till Phœbus beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing,
 By trap, or net, by arrow, or by sling;
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
 While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
 And Echoe swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsmen's punny craft supplies?
 Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,

The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn ;
 Far to the west, the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.— (smile.
 But, lo ! the sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd !
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :
 Nor less, than when an ocean-wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul ;
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to controul.

XXIII.

' O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !'
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
 ' Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
 ' Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !
 ' Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
 ' To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?
 ' Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ;
 ' For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
 ' And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

- ‘ Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
- ‘ And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown’d!
- ‘ Ah! see th’ unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
- ‘ Have all the solitary vale embrown’d;
- ‘ Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
- ‘ The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
- ‘ And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
- ‘ Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,
- ‘ Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter’d rocks away.

XXV.

- ‘ Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
- ‘ So flourishes and fades majestic man.
- ‘ Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
- ‘ And fostering gales a while the nursing fan.
- ‘ O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
- ‘ Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
- ‘ Nor lessen of his life the little span.
- ‘ Born on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
- ‘ Old-age comes on a pace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

- ‘ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
- ‘ Whose hopes still grovels in this dark sojourn.
- ‘ But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
- ‘ Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
- ‘ Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
- ‘ Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed?—
- ‘ Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
- ‘ And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
- ‘ Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

- ‘ Shall I be left abandon’d in the dust,
- ‘ When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
- ‘ Shall nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,
- ‘ Bid him, though doom’d to perish, hope to live?
- ‘ Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
- ‘ With disappointment, penury, and pain?—

- No : Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arise ;
- And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
- Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant
 ' reign.'

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple fire had taught,
 In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew,
 No subtle or superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
 ' Let man's own sphere, (quoth he) confine his view,
 ' Be man's peculiar work his sole delight.'
 ' And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

- And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
- O never, never turn away thine ear,
- Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
- Ah! what were men, should Heaven refuse to hear!
- To others do (the law is not severe)
- What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
- Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
- And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;
- All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own.

XXX.

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
 The visionary boy from shelter fly !
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
 And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky !
 And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,
 ' The rainbow brightens to the setting sun ;
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
 How vain the chace thine ardour has begun !
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet could'st thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,

This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
 And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
 Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
 Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long sounding curfew from afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin lighted by the evening star,
 Lingered and listening, wander'd down the vale.
 There would he dream of graves, and coarces pale
 And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungen throng,
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
 And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
 A vision brought to his intranced sight.
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of Night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose, the trumpet bids the valves unfold:
 And forth an host of little warriors march,
 Grasping the diamon'd lance, and targe of gold.
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire:
 And here and there, right venerably old,
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire.
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
The little warrior's doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along : with many colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer ! who oft has rest away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
O to thy curfed scream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear :
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And even in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell, Thine Edwin frets not so,
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow ?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wonders through the scene of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lusture blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried.
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX. -

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling plowman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark caroles clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence ! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
 First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should deign,
 (Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !

Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
 Your voice each rugged path of life can sooth;
 For well I know, where-ever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

XLIII.

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
 Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms display'd;
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
 The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade*,
 Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,

* Allusion to SHAKESPEAR.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags!
 What is't you do?

Witches. A deed without a Name.

A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart by lust of lucre fear'd to stone !
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan,
 Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with bramble torn*,
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.
 'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
 ' For from the town the man returns no more.'
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume
 thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
 ' But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 ' And Innocence thus die by doom severe ?'
 O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
 Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
 Dark even at noon-tide is our mortal sphere ;
 But let us hope,——to doubt is to rebel,——
 Let us exult in hope that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
 Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
 From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
 This soften and refine the soul for heaven.

* See the fine old ballad, called, *The Children in the Wood.*

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt hath driven
 To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightening riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age.
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer-day,
 Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
 Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
 If but a cloud instruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend !
 Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
 Which bade the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end !

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
 That aims to trace the secret of the skies ;
 For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
 For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar,
 On Fancy's wing, above this vale of tears ;
 Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping pore
 Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
 And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
 For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
 This art preposterous renders more unfit ;
 Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders
 wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
 Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
 Oft chear'd the shepherds round her social hearth ;
 Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
 To purchase chat or laughter at the price
 Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
 That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.—
 Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
 Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
 'The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
 High-towering, sail along the horizon blue :
 Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
 Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
 More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
 Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size ;
 And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
 The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
 Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
 Of the wild-weltering waves. In black array
 When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
 Even then he hasted from the haunt of man,
 Along the darkening wilderness to stray,
 What time the lightening's fierce career began,
 And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
 In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
 Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
 From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
 Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
 Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.

To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Ah me! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life, in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd:
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute,
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search was offer'd to his view,
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,

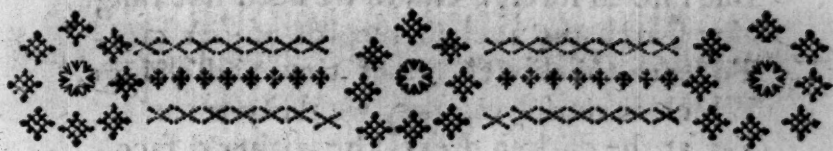
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern cave the storms hath bound;
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
 Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.*

LX.

Here pause my Gothic lyre, a little while.
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
 But if ***** on this labour smile,
 New strains ere long shall animate thy frame:
 And his applause to me is more than fame;
 For still with truth accords his taste refined.
 At lucre or renown let others aim,
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,
 Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear of a sudden full of grass and flowers.

SCHEFFER's History of Lapland, p. 61.



T H E
M I N S T R E L;
O R, T H E
P R O G R E S S O F G E N I U S.



T H E S E C O N D B O O K.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

HORAT.

I.

O F chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail :
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale.
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantick rolls wide continents have
bloom'd.*

* See PLATO's Timeus.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,
 To learn the dire effects of time and change,
 Which in ourselves, alas, we daily trace.
 Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
 But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
 Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
 Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
 Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
 And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
 Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
 Of childhood, where I sported many a-day,
 Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
 Where every face was innocent and gay,
 Each vale romantick, tuneful every tongue,
 Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

' Perish the lore that deadens young desire'
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
 Edwin, though loved of heaven, must not aspire
 To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy ;
 But now and then the shades of life explore ;
 Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy.
 And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
 The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
 Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
 But ah it withers in the chilling hour.
 Mark yonder oaks : Superior to the power
 Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,

And from the stormy promontory tower,
 And tofs their giant arms amid the skies,
 While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
 Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
 And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
 And vales more wild; and mountains more sublime.
 One evening as he frained the careless rhyme,
 It was his chance to wander far abroad,
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
 Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
 A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene;
 For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
 Here scorch'd with lightening there with ivy green,
 Fenced from the north and east this savage dell;
 Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
 Whose long long groves eternal murmur made;
 And towards the western sun a streamlet fell,
 Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
 Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
 And, here and there, a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
 Oft did the cliffs reveberate the sound
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
 And from the summit of that craggy mound
 The pearching eagle oft was heard to cry,

IX.

Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.
 One cultivated spot there was, that spread
 Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,

Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
 Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream
 Romantick visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
 He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
 Nor heard from far the twillight curfew toll ;—
 When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

X.

' Hail, awful scenes that calm the troubled breast,
 ' And woo the weary to profound repose ;
 ' Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
 ' And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
 ' Here Innocence may wander safe from foes,
 ' And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
 ' O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
 ' When lucre lures him, or ambition flings,
 ' Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
 ' springs.

XI.

' Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
 ' Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—
 ' To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
 ' It is thy weakness that requires their aid :—
 ' To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?
 ' They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm ?
 ' To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
 ' Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
 ' Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform !

XII.

' True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 ' Virtue has raised above the things below,
 ' Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,
 ' Shrinks not, though fortune aim her deadliest blow,
 —This strain from amidst the rocks was heard to flow
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;
 And from embattled clouds emerging slow
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew :
 (While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
 ' Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
 ' Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good !
 ' Ye only can engage the servile brood
 ' Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
 ' Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
 ' And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
 ' Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
 ' blaze

XIV.

' Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
 ' I fought for glory in the paths of guile ;
 ' And fawn'd and smil'd to plunder and betray,
 ' Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while :
 ' So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
 ' But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
 ' Those years of trouble and debasement vile.—
 ' Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue !
 ' Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view.

XV.

' The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
 ' And storms of disappointment, all o'erpass,
 ' Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall share
 ' This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
 ' And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
 ' And if no future age shall hear my name,
 ' I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
 ' And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
 ' Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

' The end and the reward of toil is rest.
 ' Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
 ' Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
 ' Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease !

- Ah ! what avails the love of Rome and Greece,
- The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
- The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
- All that art, fortune, enterprize, can bring,
- If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

XVII.

- Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
- With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
- In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
- Where night and desolation ever frown.
- Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
- Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
- With here and there a violet bestrown,
- Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave
- And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

- And thither let the village swain repair !
- And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
- To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
- And celebrate the merry morn of May.
- There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
- Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo ;
- And when mild evening comes with mantle grey,
- Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
- No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

XIX.

- For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
- And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
- Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
- Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
- For virtue lost, and ruin'd man I mourn.
- O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
- Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,
- Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled.
- And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defiled !

XX.

- ‘ Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
- ‘ What Majesty attends night’s lovely queen !
- ‘ Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams ;
- ‘ And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
- ‘ And all conspire to beautify the scene.
- ‘ But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !
- ‘ What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mein !
- ‘ O when shall that eternal morn appear,
- These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear !

XXI.

- ‘ O thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
- ‘ In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
- ‘ Rose from th’ abyss ! when dark confusion driven
- ‘ Down down the bottomless profound of night,
- ‘ Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing fight ;
- ‘ O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
- ‘ To blast the fury of oppressive night,
- ‘ Melt the hard heart to love and mercy’s sway,
- And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the
- ‘ way.’

XXII.

- Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
- In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
- ‘ And is it thus in courtly life’ (he cries)
- ‘ That man to man acts a betrayer’s part ?
- ‘ And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
- ‘ Each social instinct, and sublime desire :—
- ‘ Hail Poverty ! if honour, wealth, and art,
- ‘ If what the great pursue, and learn’d admire,
- Thus dissipate and quench the soul’s ethereal fire ?’

XXIII.

He said and turn’d away ; nor did the Sage
 O’erhear, in silent orisons employ’d.
 The youth his rising sorrow to assuage,
 Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy’d :
 For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
 The yellowmoonlight sleeps on all the hills ;

Nor is the mind with starting sounds annoy'd,
 A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
 Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew.
 The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
 Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue;
 For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear;
 And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
 ' Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell!
 ' No more in vain conjecture let me wear
 ' My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell;
 ' 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel.'

XXV.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
 And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
 Then reach the wild; wherein a flowery nook,
 And seated on a mossy stone; he spied
 An ancient man: his harp lay him beside.
 A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
 And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand, that tied
 A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall
 And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
 The wanderer approaching: innocence
 Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
 ' Who art thou, courteous stranger; and from whence?
 ' Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale?'
 ' A shepherd boy (the Youth replied), far hence
 ' My habitation; hear my artless tale;
 ' Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

' Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
 ' I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;

- And leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
- Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
- (For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
- You mourn'd for ruin'd man and virtue lost,
- And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
- Pondering on former days, by guilt engros'd,
- Or in the giddy storm of dissipation tofs'd.

XXVIII.

- But say in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
- Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul ;
- Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
- Can selfishness the liberal heart controul ?
- Is glory there achiev'd by arts as foul
- As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
- Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl ;
- Love is the godlike attribute of man.
- O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

- Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
- And give me back the calm contented mind :
- Which, late, exulting view'd, in Nature's frame
- Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
- Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
- Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
- Well pleased with all, but most with humankind ;
- When fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will.
- Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill.

XXX.

- Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return
- To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
- Leave me to hide in this remote sojourn,
- From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
- For if my desultory strain with ruth
- And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
- Alas ! what comfort could thine anguish scotch,
- Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
- Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to wo

XXXI.

- But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
- Nor venture to arraign the dread decree :
- For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
- The voice of The Eternal said, be free :
- And this divine prerogative to thee .
- Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
- For virtue is the child of liberty,
- And happiness of virtue, nor can they
- Be free to keep the paths who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

- Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
- Which else might thy young virtue o'er power ;
- And in thy converse I shall find relief,
- When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;
- For solitude has many a dreary hour,
- Even when exempt from grief, remorse and pain :
- Come often then, for haply, in my bower,
- Amusement, knowledge, wisdom, thou may'st gain :
- If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.

XXXIII.

And now at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
 The Muse of history unrolls her page.
 But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,
 'To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
 Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn :
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
 But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
 And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd urn.

XXXIV.

- Ah, what avails (he said) to trace the springs
- That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !
- Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
- Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
- steel !

- To those whom nature taught to think and feel,
- Heros, alas! are things of small concern.
- Could History man's secret heart reveal,
- And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
- Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

XXXV.

- This praise, O Cheronean Sage*, is thine.
- (Why should this praise to the alone belong!
- All else from Nature's moral path decline,
- Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
- To herd in cabinets and camps, among
- Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
- Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
- How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide.
- Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVI.

- O who of man the story will unfold,
- Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
- In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
- The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
- When all were great and free! man's sole employ
- To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
- Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
- To aid the flowerets long-expected birth,
- And lull the bed of peace and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVII.

- Sweet were your shades. O ye primeval groves,
- Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
- Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
- His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
- Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went.
- Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
- None prowld for prey, none watch'd to circumvent,
- To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
- No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXVIII.

' But ah ! the Historick Muse has never dared
 , To pierce those hallow'd bowers ; 'tis fancy's beam
 ' Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd Bard,
 ' That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
 ' Then hail sweet Fancy's ray ! and hail the dream
 ' That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe !
 ' Careless what others of my choice may deem,
 ' I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
 ' And meditate on heaven ; enough of earth I know.'

XXXIX.

' I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
 ' For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
 ' And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
 ' The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 ' Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays
 ' In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
 ' And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
 ' That soon must fail. and leave the wanderer blind,
 ' More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined?

XL.

' Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
 ' And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :
 ' To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 ' But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
 ' And often where no real ills affright,
 ' Its visionary fiends, and endless train,
 ' Affail with equal or superior might,
 ' And through the throbbing heart and dizzy brain,
 ' And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal
 ' pain.

XLI.

' And yet, alas, the real ills of life
 ' Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 ' Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 ' Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.

- We fare on earth as other men have fared;
- Were they successful? let not us despair.
- Was disappointment often their sole reward?
- Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
- How they have born the load ourselves are doom'd to
• bear.

XLII.

- What charms th' Historick Muse adorn, from spoils;
- And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
- To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
- Sacred to Science, liberty, and right,
- And peace, through every age divinely bright
- Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
- Sees yonder sun from his meridian height,
- A lovlier scene, than Virtue thus inshrined
- In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined?

XLIII.

- Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
- Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrained!
- Without you what were man, a groveling herd
- In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
- Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
- In arts unrival'd; O to latest days,
- In Albion may your influence unprofaned
- To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
- To prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays,

XLIV.

- But now let other themes our care engage.
- For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
- To curb Enaginations lawless rage,
- And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
- Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
- By Indolence and moping fancy bred,
- Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,
- And Hope and Courage brightens in their stead,
- While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLV.

- ‘ Then waken from long lethargy to life*
- ‘ The seeds of happiness and powers of thought
- ‘ Then jarring appetites forgo their strife,
- ‘ A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
- ‘ Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
- ‘ With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
- ‘ With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
- ‘ Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
- ‘ As Phebus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVI.

- ‘ And Reason now through Number, Time, and Space,
- ‘ Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
- ‘ And learns, from acts compared, the laws to trace,
- ‘ Whose long progression leads to Deity.
- ‘ Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !
- ‘ Can mortal fight, so oft be dim’d with tears,
- ‘ Such glory bear !—For lo, the shadows fly,
- ‘ From Nature’s face ; Confusion disappears,
- ‘ And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

XLVII.

- ‘ In the deep windings of the grove, no more
- ‘ The hag obscene, and grievously phantom dwell ;
- ‘ Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
- ‘ Of winds, is heard the angry spirit’s yell ;
- ‘ No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
- ‘ Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
- ‘ Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
- ‘ To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
- ‘ Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

* The influence of the Philosophick Spirit—in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure ;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe ;—in banishing superstition ;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science :—from Stanza XLV, to Stanza LV.

XLVIII.

- Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
- Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
- Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
- And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
- Of Heaven his wretched fare; shivering in caves,
- Or scorched on rocks, he pines from day to day;
- But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
- The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
- And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

XLIX.

- And even where Nature loads the teeming plains
- With the full pomp of vegetable store,
- Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:
- Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
- Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
- Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
- For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
- Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
- Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

L.

- 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
- The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
- Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
- Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled,
- The waters bursting from their slimy bed,
- Bring health and melody to every vale;
- And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
- Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
- To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LI.

- What dire necessities on every hand
- Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
- Of foes intestine what a numerous band
- Against this little throb of life conspire!
- Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
- A while, and turn aside death's level'd dart.
- Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
- And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
- And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LII.

- Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
- Science exerts her all-composing sway.
- Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
- Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
- Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ;
- Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;
- Where cares molest not, discord melts away
- In harmony, and the pure passions prove, (Love,
- How sweet the words of truth breath'd from lips of

LIII.

- What cannot Art and Industry perform,
- Whence Science plans the progress of their toil !
- They smile at penury, disease and storm ;
- And oceans from their mighty mound recoil,
- When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
- A land, or when the rabbles headlong rage
- Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
- Deep-versed in man the philosophick Sage
- Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

LIV.

- 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
- From situation, temper, soil, and clime
- Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
- And various orders, in one Form sublime
- Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
- Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
- Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
- While public faith, and public love sincere,
- And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.

LV.

- Enraptured by the Hermits strain, the Youth
- Proceeds the path of Science to explore:
- And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
- New energies, and charms unknown before,
- His Mind discloses : Fancy now no more
- Wants on sickle pinions through the skies ;
- Bnt, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
- Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
- Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVI.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan ;
 For, mindful of the aid that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;
 The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
 The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
 And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVII.

But She, who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
 And blest'd the Muse, and her celestial art
 Still claim'd the Enthusiast's fond and first regard,
 From Nature's beauties variously compared
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
 While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LVIII.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn ; but nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where ornament the second place
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace
 Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unweildy
 line.

LIX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
 His deep majestick melody 'gan roll :

Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
 How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
 When like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
 Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong, (song.
 Homer rais'd high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous
 LX.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing :—but ah ! I strive in vain.—
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
 With trembling steps to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around, (sound.
 And mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death re-
 LXI.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He, whom each Virtue fired, each grace refined,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !*
 He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue,
 My theme !—To heart-consuming grief resign'd
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
 And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays adieu !

Gregory LXII.

Art thou my G*****, for ever fled !
 And am I left to unavailing woe !
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
 Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
 Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers :
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears,— (tears
 'Tis meet that I should mourn :—flow forth afresh my

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after,

RETIREMENT. *

WHEN in the crimson cloud of Even
 The lingering light decays,
 And Hesper on the front of heaven
 His glittering gem displays ;
 Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
 Beside a lulling stream,
 A pensive Youth of placid mein,
 Indulged this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
 High o'er the glimmering dale ;
 Ye woods, along whose windings wild
 Murmurs the solemn gale ;
 Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
 And Woe retires to weep,
 What time the wan moon's yellow horn
 Gleams on the western deep :

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
 Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
 'To your retreats I fly.
 Deep in your most sequester'd bower
 Let me at last recline,
 Where Solitude, mild, modest Power,
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

* This, and most of the following pieces, are taken from a Collection of juvenile Poems by the same hand, published many years ago. The Editor hopes they will be agreeable to his readers : but it was with difficulty he could prevail on the Author to consent to their being reprinted.

How shall I woo thee matchless Fair !
 Thy heavenly smile how win !
 Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
 And stills the storm within.
 O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
 Thine ardent votary bring,
 And bless his hours, and bid them move
 Serene, on silent wing.

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
 With dreams of former days,
 When in the lap of Peace reclined
 He framed his infant lays ;
 When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
 Nor cold distrust alarm'd
 Nor Envy with malignant glare
 His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
 His early vows were paid,
 From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
 Devoted to the shade.
 Ah why did fate his steps decoy
 In stormy paths to roam,
 Remote from all congenial joy !
 O take the Wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
 Thy charms my only theme ;
 My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
 Whence the scared owl on pinions grey
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To more profound repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly warbling song
 And balmy from the banks of flowers
 The zephyr breaths along ;

Let no rude sound invade from far.
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
 Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore :
 For he of joys divine shall tell
 That wean from earthly woe,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread ;
 No more I climb those toilsome heights
 By guileful Hope misled ;
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
 To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,
 And all the past is vain.

E L E G Y.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
 On clouds, where Fancy's beams amusive plays,
 Shall heedless Hope the tow'ring fabric raise?
 Till at Deaths touch the fairy visions fly,
 And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
 And from Elysium's balmy slumber torn,
 The startled soul awakes, to think and mourn,
 O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
 Who flowery vales in endless view survey
 Glittering in beams of visionary day;
 O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
 Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
 Lest, like the lightening's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
 Lest, thus encompass'd with funeral gloom,
 Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
 Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
 And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.
 Wise, Beauteous, Good! O every grace combined,
 That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
 Fair, as the floweret opening on the morn,
 Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
 Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
 To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
 Mild as the strains, that, at the close of day,
 Warbling remote, along the vale decay!—
 Yet, why with these compared? What tints so fine,
 What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
 Why roam abroad? Since still, to Fancy's eyes,
 I see, I see thy lovely form arise.
 Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;

That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
 Where meekness beams ineffable delight ;
 That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien :
 Still let me listen, while her words impart
 The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
 Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
 Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, O Virtue, Age is young,
 And music warbles from the faltering tongue :
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
 But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
 Resistless on the view the glory streams,
 Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
 And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

And whither fled !—ye dear illusions stay—
 Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.—
 How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
 Which late the purple light of youth display'd !
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd ;
 With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.—
 Fair was the flower and soft the vernal sky ;
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
 When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand, that sooth'd Woe's weary head !
 And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !
 And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm into the rankled soul !
 O Death why arm with cruelty thy power,
 And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower !
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven ?
 Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven !——
 But peace, bold thought ! be still my bursting heart !
 We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.

Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
 Nor blest the hand that broke the galling chain?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
 Where Reason's meteor rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw?
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy seas in storm perpetual tofs'd,
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
 O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
 And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
 Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
 The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
 But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew,
 Nor check the sacred drops to pity due;
 Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
 O'er her loved dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend!
 How vain the hope of man!—But cease thy strain,
 Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
 Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, on her bier,
 In silence shed the sympathetick tear.

O D E

To H O P E

I. 1.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
 More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
 Left all night long to mourn
 Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
 And shrieks of Woe, as intermits the storm,
 Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
 And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
 And many a fire-eyed visage glares around,
 O come, and be once more my guest.
 Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
 And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
 And sooth'd him into rest.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
 Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
 The sable bands combined,
 Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
 Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
 Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise;
 Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
 Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
 Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
 With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
 And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
 And sullen glides away:

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
 Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
 When Phebus rears his awful brow,
 From lengthening lawn and valley low,

The troops of fen-born mists retire.
 Along the plain
 The joyous swain
 Eyes the gay villages again,
 And gold-illumined spire ;
 While on the billowy ether borne
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure ;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on filken wing. And goblins all
 To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
 Or westward, with impetuous flight,
 Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial Night.

II. 1.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze
 Life's various landscape, stretch'd immense around
 Starts out of night profound,
 Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
 Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
 His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
 And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
 With beating heart the upland path pursues ;
 The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
 And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
 In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
 His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
 Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
 While melting airs are heard,
 And soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play :
 Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
 Prattling amusive in his accent meek ;
 And Modesty, half turning as afraid.
 The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek,
 Content and Leisure, hand in hand
 With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing ;
 And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
 Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
 To-day though gales propitious blow,
 And Peace soft gliding down the sky
 Lead Love along and Harmony,
 To-morrow the gay scene deforms;
 Then all around
 The thunder's found
 Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
 And down rush all the storms.
 Ye days that balmy influence shed,
 When sweet Childhood, ever sprightly,
 In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
 Whither, ah whither are ye fled!
 Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
 O leave him not midst tumult and dismay;
 For now youth's eminence he gains:
 But what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

III. 1.

They shrink, they vanish into air.
 Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale;
 And mingling cries assail,
 The wail of Woe, and groan of dim Despair.
 Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
 Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
 Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
 Frowning disdain, and haggard Hate advance;
 Behold, amidst the dire array,
 Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
 And lo, his iron hand prepares
 To grasp its feeble prey.

II. 2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
 Safe from the fierce assaults of hostile rage?
 Such war can Virtue wage,
 Virtue that bears the sacred shield of Truth!
 Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
 The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne;

While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
 In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
 Resigns, to tears her angel form.
 Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
 No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
 And onward rolls the storm.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along?
 Why shrink aghast the hostile throng?
 Lo, from amidst Affliction's night,
 Hope bursts all radiant on the sight:
 Her words the troubled bosom sooth.
 "Why thus dismay'd?
 "Though foes invade,
 "Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
 "Who tread the path of truth.
 "'Tis I, who smoothe the rugged way,
 "I who close the eyes of Sorrow,
 "And with glad visions of to-morrow
 "Repair the weary soul's decay.
 "When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
 "Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
 "Till the freed spirit springs on high
 "In rapture too severe for weak Mortality."

PYGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA,

THE BATTLE OF THE
PYGMIES AND CRANES.From the Latin of *ADDISON*.

THE pygmy-people, and the feather'd train,
 Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
 I sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
 Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines ;
 The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
 And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray ;
 Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes,
 Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd woes.

The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
 Have oft resounded in Pierian song.
 Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
 And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece ?
 Of Thebes' fell brethern, Theseus stern of face,
 And Peleus' son unrival'd in the race,
 Eneas founder of the Roman line,
 And William glorious on the banks of Boyne ?
 Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
 And over Blackmore's Epic page to doze ?
 'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
 Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains ;
 The small shrill trump, and chiefs of little size,
 And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.
 Where India reddens to the early dawn,
 Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn :
 Bosomed in groves the lowly region lies,
 And rocky mountains round the borders rise.

Here, till the doom of fate its fall decreed,
 The empire flourish'd of the pygmy-breed ;
 Here Industry perform'd, and Genius plann'd,
 And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
 But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
 Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way,
 He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
 Its godlings mouldering on th' abandon'd hearth :
 And starts where small white bones are spread around,
 " Or little footsteps lightly print the ground ;"
 While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
 Chattering amid the desolated fields.

But different fates beset her hostile rage,
 While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
 The dreaded Pygmy : roused by war's alarms
 Forth rush'd the madding Mannikin to arms.
 Fierce to the field of death the hero flies ;
 The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies ;
 And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load !)
 With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
 And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
 And often made the callow young his prey ;
 With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board and smiled
 To visit the fire's trespass on the child.
 Oft where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
 And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
 Burning for blood, in terrible array,
 The eighteen-inch militia burst their way :
 All went to wreck ; the infant foeman fell,
 When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.

Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,
 And the fell rancour of encountering foes ;
 Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havock whelms,
 And Death's grim visage scares the pygmy-realms.
 Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
 Of Mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre ;
 When bold to battle march'd th' accouter'd frogs,
 And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs
 Pierced by the javelin-bulrush on the shore
 Here agonizing roll'd the mouse in gore ;

And there the frog (a scene full sad to see !)
 Shorn of one leg slow sprawl'd along on three :
 He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
 But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.

And now the day of woe drew on a pace,
 A day of woe to all the pygmy-race,
 When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
 'To rue each broken egg and chicken slain.
 For roused to vengeance by repeated wrong
 From distant climes the long-bill'd legions throng :
 From Strymon's lake, Cayster's plashy meads,
 And fens of Scythia green with rustling reeds ;
 From where the Danube winds through many a land,
 And Mareotis laves the Egyptian strand,
 To rendezvous they waft on eager wing,
 And wait assembled the returning spring.
 Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight,
 Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws for fight ;
 Each crane the pygmy power in thought o'erturns,
 And every bosom for the battle burns.

When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
 The screaming legions wheel and mount the wind.
 Far in the sky they form their long array,
 And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey
 Deep deep beneath ; and, triumphing in pride,
 With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerable ride ;
 'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
 Whirls, in tempestuous undulation driven.

Nor less th' alarm that shook the world below,
 Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe ;
 Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
 And grasp th' shield and couch the quivering lance ;
 To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
 And rank'd in deep array await the storm.

High in the midst the chieftain-dwarf was seen,
 Of giant stature and imperial mein :
 Full twenty inches tall he strode along,
 And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng ;
 And, while with many a scar his visage frown'd,
 Bared his broad bosom rough with many a wound

Of beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
 The glorious meed of high heroick might.
 For with insatiate vengeance, he pursued,
 And never-ending hate, the feathery brood.
 Unhappy they, confiding in the length
 Of horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,
 Who durst abide his rage ; the blade descends,
 And from the panting trunk the pinion rends.
 Laid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
 The trunk disfigured stiffens in its gore.
 What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force !
 What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his course !
 How oft, O Strymon, thy long banks along,
 Did wailing echo waft the funeral song !

And now from far the mingling clamours rise,
 Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
 From skirt to skirt of heaven, with stormy sway,
 A cloud rolls on and darkens all the day.
 Near and more near descends the dreadful shade,
 And now in battailous array display'd,
 On sounding wings and screaming in their ire,
 The cranes rush onward, and the fight require.

The pygmy warriors eye with fearless glare
 The hosts thick swarming o'er the burthen'd air ;
 Thick swarming now, but to their native land
 Doom'd to return a scanty stragling band —
 When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
 Fierce on the expecting foe the cranes are driven.
 The kindling frenzy every bosom warms,
 The region echoes to the crash of arms :
 Loose feathers from the encountering armies fly,
 And in careering whirlwinds mount the sky.
 To breath from toil upsprings the panting crane,
 Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
 Success in equal balance hovering hangs.
 Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
 The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
 Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls ;
 There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
 With little feet the pygmy beats the ground ;

Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
 And dying curses the keen-pointed claws.
 Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
 With falchions, mangled wings and streaming gore,
 And pygmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
 And here a claw, and there a finger-lies.

Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
 All grim in blood the pygmy champion glows,
 And on the assailing host impetuous springs,
 Careless of nibbling bills or flapping wings;
 And midst the tumult wherefo'er he turns,
 The battle with redoubled fury burns;
 From every side the avenging cranes amain
 Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
 When suddenly (for such the will of Jove)
 A fowl enormous, fousing from above,
 The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, soaring high,
 (Sad chance of battle!) bore him up the sky.
 The cranes pursue, and, clustering in a ring,
 Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
 But ah! what pangs each pygmy bosom wrung,
 When; now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
 High in the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
 His wriggling form still lessening as he soar'd

Lo yet again with unabated rage
 In mortal strife the mingling hosts engage.
 The crane with darted bill assaults the foe,
 Hovering; then wheels aloft to scape the blow:
 The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound;
 But whirls in empty air the falchion round.

Such was the scene, when midst the loud alarms
 Sublime th' eternal Thunderer rose in arms,
 When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
 Heaved Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at heaven;
 Jove roll'd redoubling thunders from on high,
 Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the sky?
 Till one stupendous ruin o'erwhelm'd the crew,
 Their vast limbs weltering wide in brimstone blue.

But now at length the pygmy legions yield,
 And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.

They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
 All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
 Prone on their rooted rear the cranes descend ;
 Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend :
 With unrelenting ire they urge the chace,
 Sworn to exterminate the hated race.

'Twas thus the Pygmy Name, once great in war,
 For spoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
 Perish'd. For, by the dread decree of heaven,
 Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
 And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
 Where Fate has fix'd the everlasting bound.
 Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
 And Persia's proud dominion is no more ;
 Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
 Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time,
 The pygmy heroes roam th' Elysian clime.
 Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
 Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,
 Their frisking forms, in gentle green array'd,
 Gambol secure along the moonlight glade.
 Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
 And all their woes in long oblivion rest,
 Down the deep vale, and narrow winding way,
 They foot it featly, ranged in ringlets gay
 'Tis joy and frolick all, where'er they rove
 And fairy people is the name they love.

E P I S T L E

TO THE HONOURABLE C. B.

*Chas. Boyd.**Peterhead, 1766*

WHEN B*** invites me, and inviting sings,
 Instant I'd fly, (had heaven vouchsafed me wings)
 To hail him in that calm sequester'd seat,
 Whence he looks down with pity on the great ;
 And, midst the groves retired, at leisure woos
 Domestick love, contentment, and the Muse.
 I wish for wings, and winds to speed my course ;
 Since B——t and the fates refuse a horse.

Barnet

Where now the Pegasus of ancient time,
 And Ippogrifo famed in modern rhyme ?
 O where that wooden steed whose every leg
 Like lightening flew, obsequious to the peg ;
 The waxen wings by Dedalus design'd,
 And china waggons wafted by the wind !
 A Spaniard reach'd the moon upborn by geese ;
 (Then first 'twas known that she is made of cheese.)
 A fiddler on a fish through waves advanced,
 He twang'd his cat-gut, and the Dolphin danced.
 Hags rode on broom sticks, heathen gods on clouds ;
 Ladies on rams and bulls have dared the floods.
 Much famed the shoes Jack Giantkiller wore,
 And Fortunatus' hat is famed much more.
 Such vehicles were common once, no doubt
 But modern versemen must e'en trudge on foot,
 Or doze at home, expectants of the gout.

}

Hard is the task, indeed 'tis wonderful hard
 To act the Hirer*, yet preserve the Bard.

* One who keeps horses to let is so called in Scotland.
 See Johnson's Dictionary.

" Next week by—— (but 'tis a sin to swear)
 " I give my word, Sir, you shall have my mare ;
 " Sound wind and limb, as any ever was,
 " And rising only seven years old next grass.
 " Four miles an hour she goes, nor needs a spur ;
 " A pretty piece of flesh, upon my conscience, Sir."

This speech was B——t's; and though mean in phrase,
 The nearest thing to prose, as Horace says,
 (Satire the fourth, and forty second line)

'Twill intimate that I propose to dine
 Next week with B***. Muse, lend thine aid awhile ;
 For this great purpose claims a lofty stile.
 Ere yonder sun, now glorious in the west,
 Has thrice three times reclined on Thetis' breast ;
 Ere thrice three times from old Tithonus' bed,
 Her charms all glowing with celestial red,
 'The balmy morn shall rise to mortal view,
 And from her bright locks shake the pearls of dew,
 These eyes O B***. shall hale thy opening glades,
 'These ears shall catch the music of thy shades ;
 This cherish'd frame shall drink the glad some gales,
 And the fresh fragrance of thy flowery vales.
 And (for I know the Muse will come along)
 To B*** I mean to meditate a song :
 A song, adorn'd with every rural charm,
 'Trim as thy garden, ample as thy farm.
 Sweet as thy milk, as brisk as bottled beer,
 Wholesome as mutton, and as water clear,
 In wildflowers fertile, as thy fields of corn,
 And frolicksome as lambs or sheep new shorn.

I ask not Ortolons, or Chian wine,
 The fat of rams, or quintessence of swine.
 Her spicy stores, let either India keep,
 Nor El Dorado vend her golden sheep.
 And to the mansion house, or council hall,
 Still on her black splay feet may the huge tortoise crawl.
 Not Parson's butt my appetite can move,
 Nor, Bell, thy beer ; nor even thy nectar, Jove,
 If B*** be happy, and in health, his guest,
 Whom wit and learning charm, can wish no better feast.

THE HARES.

A F A B L E.

YES, yes, I grant the sons of earth
 Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
 We all of sorrow have our share ;
 But say, is yours without compare ?
 Look round the world ; perhaps you'll find
 Each individual of our kind
 Press'd with an equal load of ill,
 Equal at least. Look further still,
 And own your lamentable case
 Is little short of happiness.
 In yond er hut that stands alone
 Attend to Famine's feeble moan ;
 Or v ew the couch where sickness lies,
 Mark his pale check and languid eyes,
 His frame by strong convulsions torn,
 His struggling sighs and looks forlorn.
 Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
 Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs ;
 Whistles th wind ! he starts he stares ;
 Nor slumber's balmy blessing shares,
 Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
 Their tempests on his harrafs'd soul.

But here perhaps it may avail
 T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
 The jolly hunting band convene,
 The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
 The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
 And Fancy oft the game describes
 Through the hounds nose and huntsmen's eyes.

Just then, a council of the hares
 Had met, on national affairs.

The chiefs were set ; while o'er their head
 The furze its frizzled covering spread.
 Long lists of grievances were heard,
 And general discontent appear'd.

“ Our harmless race shall every savage
 “ Both quadruped and biped ravage ?
 “ Shall horses, hounds, and hunter's still
 “ Unite their wits, to work us ill ?
 “ The youth, his parents sole delight,
 “ Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
 “ Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
 “ Whose limbs beat light the vales along,
 “ May yet ere noontide meet his death,
 “ And lie dismember'd on the heath.
 “ For youth, alas, nor cautious age,
 “ Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.
 “ In every field we meet the foe,
 “ Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe ;
 “ The morning but awakes our fears,
 “ The evening sees us bath'd in tears.
 “ But must we ever idly grieve,
 “ Nor strive our fortunes to relieve ?
 “ Small is each individual's force,
 “ 'T'o stratagem be our recourse ;
 “ And then; from all our tribes combined,
 “ The murderer to his cost may find
 “ No foe is weak whom Justice arms,
 “ Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.
 “ Be roused ; or liberty acquire,
 “ Or in the great attempt expire.”—

He said no more, for in his breast
 Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd :
 The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
 From his swollen eyeball's yellow gleam.

And now the tumults of the war,
 Mingling confusedly from afar,
 Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
 Distinct of hounds and men arise.
 Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
 Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,

And, every straining nerve on wing,
 Away precipitately spring.
 The hunting band, a signal given,
 Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven ;
 O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
 And river broad, impetuous bound ;
 Now plunge amid the forest shades,
 Glance through the openings of the glades ;
 Now o'er the level valley sweep,
 Now with short steps strain up the steep,
 While backward from the hunter's eyes
 The landscape like a torrent flies.
 At last an ancient wood they gain'd,
 By pruner's ax yet unprofaned.
 High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
 The oak's majestick boughs appear'd ;
 Beneath, a copse of various hue
 In barbarous luxuriance grew.
 No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
 No hand had wove the implicit maze.
 The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
 The hazle's stubborn stem entwined,
 And bramble twigs were wreath'd around,
 And rough furze crept along the ground.
 Here sheltering from the sons of murder,
 The hares drag their tired limbs no further.
 But lo, the western wind erelong
 Was loud, and roar'd the woods among ;
 From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs,
 The sound of woe and war arose.
 The hares distracted scour the grove,
 As terror and amazement drove ;
 But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,
 Still seem'd impending o'er their head.
 Now crouded in a grotto's gloom,
 All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
 Dire was the silence, till, at length
 Even from despair deriving strength,
 With bloody eye, and furious look,
 A daring youth arose. and spoke.

" O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
 " Whom ills of every sort await !
 " O, curs'd with keenest sense to feel
 " The sharpest sting of every ill !
 " Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
 " Of liberty and vengeance dream,
 " What now remains ? To what recess
 " Shall we our weary steps address,
 " Since fate is evermore pursuing
 " All ways and means to work our ruin ?
 " Are we alone, of all beneath,
 " Condemn'd to misery worse than death,
 " Must we, with fruitless labour strive
 " In misery worse than death to live !
 " No. Be the smaller ill our choice :
 " So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
 " Death's pangs will in a moment cease ;
 " And then, All hail, eternal peace !"

Thus while he spoke, his words impart
 The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,
 That, glittering in the solar ray,
 Gleam'd through the dusky trees and shot
 A trembling light along the grot.
 Thither with one consent they bend.
 Their sorrows with their lives to end,
 While each, in thought, already hears
 The water hissing in his ears.

Fast by the margin of the lake,
 Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
 A Linnet sat, whose careless lay
 Amused the solitary day.
 Careless he sung, for on his breast
 Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd ;
 When suddenly he heard a sound
 Of swift feet traversing the ground.
 Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
 Thence trembling casts around his eyes ;
 No foe appear'd, his fears were vain ;
 Pleased he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares whose noise had caused his fright,
 Saw with surprise the linnet's flight,
 Is there on earth a wretch, they said,
 Whom our approach can strike with dread ?
 An instantaneous change of thought
 To tumult every bosom wrought.
 So fares the system building sage,
 Who, plodding on from youth to age,
 At last on some foundation dream
 Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
 And proved his predecessors fools,
 And bound all nature by his rules ;
 So fares he in that dreadful hour,
 When injured Truth exerts her power,
 Some new phenomenon to raise ;
 Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
 From its proud summit to the ground,
 Proves the whole edifice unsound.

" Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
 Who oft had known the extremes of fate,
 " In slight events the attentive mind
 " May hints of good instruction find.
 " That our condition is the worst,
 " And we with such misfortunes curs'd
 " As all comparison defy,
 " Was late the universal cry.
 " When lo, an accident so slight,
 " As yonder little linnet's flight
 " Has made your stubborn hearts confess,
 " (So your amazements bids me guess)
 " That all our load of woes and fears,
 " Is but a part of what he bears
 " Where can he rest secure from harms,
 " Whom even a helpless hare alarms ?
 " Yet he repines not at his lot,
 " When past, his dangers are forgot ;
 " On yonder bough he trims his wings,
 " And with unusual rapture sings ;
 " While we, less wretched sink beneath
 " Our lighter ills, and rush to death.—

“ No more of this unmeaning rage,
 “ But hear, my friends, the words of age.
 “ When by the winds of autumn driven
 “ The scatter’d clouds fly cross the heaven,
 “ Oft have we, from some mountain’s head,
 “ Beheld th’ alternate light and shade
 “ Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lowers
 “ The shadowy cloud; there downward pours,
 “ Streaming direct, a flood of day,
 “ Which from the view flies swift away;
 “ It flies, while other shades advance,
 “ And other streaks of sunshine glance.
 “ Thus checquer’d is the life below
 “ With gleams of joy, and clouds of woe.
 “ Then hope not, while we journey on,
 “ Still to be basking in the sun;
 “ Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
 “ That sunshine will no more return
 “ If, by your terrors overcome,
 “ Ye fly before th’ approaching gloom,
 “ The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
 “ And darkness still o’ercasts your view.
 “ Who longs to reach the radiant plain
 “ Must onward urge his course amain;
 “ For doubly swift the shadow flies,
 “ When ’gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
 “ Atleast be firm and undismay’d
 “ Maintain your ground; the fleeting shade
 “ Erelong spontaneous glides away,
 “ And gives you back the enlivening ray.
 “ Lo, while I speak our dangers past!
 “ No more the shrill horn’s angry blast
 “ Howls in our ear; the savage roar
 “ Of war and murder is no more.
 “ Then snatch the hour that fate allows,
 “ Nor think of past or future woes.”
 He spoke; and hope revives; the lake
 That instant one and all forsake,
 In sweet amusement to employ
 The present sprightly hour of joy,

Now from the western mountain's brow,
Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
The sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew-drops spangle all the scene.
The balmy zephyr breaths along
The shepherd sings his tender song,
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round ;
Discord and Care were put to flight,
And all was peace and calm delight.

E P I T A P H:

Being part of an Inscription for a Monument to be erected by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady.

FAREWELL, my best beloved ; whose heavenly
mind,
Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd ;
Devotion, undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart ;
Though sprightly, gentle ; though polite, sincere ;
And only of thyself a judge severe ;
Unblamed, unequal'd, in each sphere of life,
The tenderest daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife,
In thee their Patroness th' afflicted lost ;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast ;
And I——but ah, can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair !
O Thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell !

ODE

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O N

L O R D H A Y ' s B I R T H - D A Y .

13th May, 1767.

A Muse unskill'd in venal praise,
 Unstain'd by flattery's art ;
 Who loves simplicity of lays
 Breathed ardent from the heart ;
 While gratitude and joy inspire,
 Resumes the long unpractis'd lyre,
 To hail, O HAY, thy Natal Morn :
 No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
 But twines with oaks the laurel leaves,
 Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
 Their ancestors reclined,
 Where Sloth dissolves, and Spleen devours
 All energy of mind.
 To hurl the dart to ride the car,
 To stem the deluges of war,
 And snatch from fate a sinking land ;
 Trample th' Invader's lofty crest,
 And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
 And desolating brand :

'Twas this, that raised th' illustrious Line
 To match the first in fame ;
 A thousand years have seen it shine
 With unabated flame ;
 Have seen thy mighty Sires appear
 Foremost in Glory's high career,
 The Pride and pattern of the Brave.
 Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
 And from Ambition's wild desire,
 They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
 The vales of peace along ;
 There to its Lord the village gay
 Renews the grateful song.
 Yon castles glittering towers contain
 No pit of woe, or clanking chain,
 Nor to the suppliants wail resound :
 The open doors the needy bless,
 Th' unfriended hail their calm recess,
 And gladness smiles around.

There to the sympathetick heart
 Life's best delights belong,
 To mitigate the mourner's smart,
 To guard the weak from wrong.
 Ye sons of Luxury, be wise ;
 Know, happiness for ever flies
 The cold and solitary breast ;
 Then let the social instinct glow,
 And learn to feel another's woe,
 And in his joy be bless'd.

O yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
 For unsuspecting youth ;
 Ere Flattery her song prepare
 To check the voice of Truth ;
 O may his country's Guardian power
 Attend the slumbering Infant's bower,
 And bright, inspiring dreams impart ;
 To rouse th' hereditary fire
 To kindle each sublime desire,
 Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a Parent's fears,
 A Parent's hopes to crown,
 Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
 That rear him to renown ;
 When in his finish'd form and face
 Admiring multitudes shall trace

Each patrimonial charm combined,
 The courteous yet majestick mien,
 The liberal smile, the look serene,
 The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eye,
 And win a nation's love,
 Let not thy towering mind despise
 The village and the grove.
 No slander there shall wound thy fame,
 No ruffian take his deadly aim,
 No river weave the secret snare :
 For Innocence with angel smile,
 Simplicity that knows not guile,
 And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
 And lay its glories waste,
 Content may slumber in the vale,
 Unconscious of the blast.
 Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
 The heart, alas ! is ne'er at home,
 It hopes in time to roam no more ;
 The mariner not vainly brave,
 Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
 To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state !
 The good alone have joy sincere,
 The good alone are great :
 Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
 They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
 And hear the voice of artless praise ;
 As when along the trophy'd plain
 Sublime they lead the victor train,
 While shouting nations gaze.

T H E H E R M I T.

A T the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 A Hermit his song of the night thus began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a Sage while he felt as a Man,

" Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 " Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?
 " For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 " And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 " Yet if pity inspire thee, ah, cease not thy lay,
 " Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn :
 " O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away—
 " Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 " The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
 " But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 " She shone, and the planets where lost in her blaze.
 " Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 " The path, that conducts thee to splendor again.—
 " But man's faded glory no change shall renew.
 " Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :
 " I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 " For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 " Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
 " dew,
 " Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn :
 " Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.—

- “ But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 “ O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?”
- ‘ ’Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray’d,
 ‘ That leads to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
 ‘ My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
 ‘ shade,
 ‘ Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 “ O pity great father of light” then I cry’d,
 “ Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee !
 “ Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 “ From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.”
- ‘ And darkness and doubt are now flying away :
 ‘ No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 ‘ So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 ‘ The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 ‘ See Truth, Love, and Mercy and triumph descending,
 ‘ And Nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !
 ‘ On the cold cheek of Death, smiles and roses are
 ‘ blending,
 ‘ And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.’

T H E E N D.

[illegible]

OWEN OF CARRON.

A
P O E M.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

Inscribed to a LADY.

OWN OF CARBON

P O E M

DR. J. A. H. O. R. N. E.

Iscribed to J. A. D. Y.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is something Romantic in the Story of the following POEM; but the Author has his Reasons for believing that there is something likewise, Authentic. On the simple Circumstances of the ancient Narrative, from which He first borrowed his Idea, those *Reasons* are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a Work of this Kind, to trouble his Readers would be superfluous.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is something Romantic in the Story of the following Poem; but the Author has his Reasons for believing that there is something likewise Authentic. On the simple Circumstances of the ancient Narrative, from which the first portion of his Idea, these Reasons are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a Work of this kind, to trouble his Readers would be superfluous.

OWEN OF CARRON.

ON CARRON's side the primrose pale,
 Why does it wear a purple hue?
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
 Why streams your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN's blood
 That purple grows the primrose pale;
 That pity pours the tender flood
 From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star fate in his eye,
 The sun his golden tresses gave,
 The north's pure morn her orient dye,
 To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
 Tho' nobly born, is OWEN laid,
 Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
 He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge ye sung;
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
 Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
 That Dirge I hear so simply sweet
 Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM'S * day,
 When Scotland's honours flourished still,
 That Moray's Earl, with mighty sway,
 Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
 The fairest plains of Carron spread,
 In Fortune rich, in offspring poor,
 An only daughter crown'd his Bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
 In waves of Gold round India's throne,
 All in her shining breast that glows,
 To Ellen's † charms, were earth and stone.

For her the Youth of Scotland sigh'd,
 The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
 And smother Italy applied,
 And many an English Baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
 No foreign loves her breast beguile,
 And England's honest valour fail'd,
 Paid with a cold but courteous smile.

“ Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
 “ That o'er that cheek those roses stray'd,
 “ Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
 “ Thy voice, the music of the shade!

* William the Lyon, King of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she had several suitors and admirers from Foreign Courts.

“ Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen’s love
 “ Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
 “ For soon those gentle arms shall prove
 “ The conflict of a ruder field.”

’Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
 And cast a rueful glance behind,
 As from her dimwood glen she broke,
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish’d—more unmov’d
 Than Moray’s rocks, when storms invest,
 The valiant youth by Ellen lov’d
 With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
 The soul above a vulgar state;
 Th’ unconquer’d banners he displays
 Controul our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

’T was when, on summer’s softest eve,
 Of clouds that wander’d west away,
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave
 Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore*.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractis’d breast,
 Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmur’d near, and looth’d her into rest.

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland from East to West.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite,
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains ;

'Tis told and I believe the tale,
 At this soft hour the sprite was there,
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight :
 Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
 Darts on the unsuspecting fight).

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand
 As well that wizzard bard hath wove,
 In scenes where fair Armida's Wand
 Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple shew ;
 Nor Indian Mines nor orient shores
 Had lent their glories here to glow,
 Or yielding here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
 The wild rose wound her damask flower ;
 The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
 That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash that courts the mountain-air,
 In all her painted blooms array'd,
 The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
 Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
 The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
 The violet of sky woven vest,
 Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose locks so fair
 Adown his manly shoulders flow ;
 Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
 Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite.
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
 He courts her arms with fond delight,
 And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
 If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray ?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And when the fleeting form was past,
 Still on thy memory found its mein,
 And felt the fond idea last ?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
 Seen in some vision counted vain,
 Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
 And brought the long lost dream again.

With warrior's bow, with hunter's spear,
 With locks adown his shoulders spread,
 Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
 He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
 And fill'd her silver urn again,
 When in the devious chace to stray,
 Afar from all his woodland train.

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd,
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,
 He sought some friendly shade to find,
 And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
 Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
 And in the deep defending Grove
 Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
 Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
 Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
 (Ah me! that sprites can fate controul!)
 That lives still imag'd on her breast,
 That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
 From earth to breathe Elysian air,
 And, in the train whom we call dead,
 Perceives its long-lov'd partner there:

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
 Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
 To find its future fate restore
 The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood—less power to move
 Had he, who bound in slumber's chain,
 Seem'd haply, o'er his hill to rove,
 And wind his woodland chace again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear
 And fond delight and melting love
 Seiz'd all her soul, she came not near,
 She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizzard's wand
 As well might powerless captive fly—
 The new cropt flower falls from her hand—
 Ah! fall not with that flower to die.

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
 Smile in the morning's orient eye,
 And skirt the reddening clouds soft beam
 What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast——and thou canst fancy well
 As any muse that meets thine ear,
 The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
 When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd——that silence broke;
 ' Hail Goddess of these Groves, he cried,
 ' O let me wear thy gentle yoke '
 ' O let me in thy service bide.

' For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
 ' Unwearied chace the destin'd prey,
 ' For thee I'll pierce the wild-wood deep,
 ' And part the sprays that vex thy way.'

For thee————' O stranger, cease,' she said,
 And swift away, like Daphne, flew,
 But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
 By aught that to her bosom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
 The fond Idea that confin'd
 Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
 Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love! within those golden vales,
 Those genial airs where thou wast born,
 Where nature listening thy soft tales,
 Leans on the rosy breast of morn.

Where the sweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,
 And tender sighs the heart emove,
 In silent eloquence to tell
 Thy tale, O soul-subduing love !

Ah ! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
 And dark distrust with changeful face,
 And Jealousy's reverted eye
 Be near thy fair thy favour'd place ?

XI.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
 And Lord of many a Lowland Hind,
 And long for Ellen love had he,
 Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's Halls her absent hour
 He watch'd with all a Miser's care :
 The wide Domain, the princely Dower
 Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch ! to think the liberal soul
 May thus with fair affection part !
 Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
 Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
 And winding far where Carron flows,
 Sudden he sees the fated bower,
 And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he ?—'tis Nithisdale !
 And that fair form with arm reclin'd
 On his ?—'tis Ellen of the vale,
 'Tis She (O powers of vengeance !) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue ?
 No—that would all his hopes destroy ;
 Moray would vanish from his view,
 And rob him of a Miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's Halls he hies—

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
 ' And haste to yonder groves,' He cries,
 ' And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand,'

What time ye mark from bower or glen,
 ' A gentle gentle lady take her way
 ' To distance due, and far from ken,
 ' Allow her length of time to stray.

• Then ranfack straight that range of groves.—
 ' With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
 ' If chance, a rosy stripling roves,—
 ' Ye well can aim your arrows keen.'

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
 And Ellen takes her homeward way :
 Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
 She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
 The lover leans his gentle heart,
 Revolving many a tender tale,
 And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierce the desert air,
 Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;
 And one struck deep his forehead fair,
 And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
 He lies beneath yon poplar pale ;
 Ah ! could we marvel ye should weep ;
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

X,

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore.
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmormore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
 Along the fairy-featur'd vale,
 Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
 And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;
 The evening shades will sink in night,—
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O ! She will chide thy trifling stay,
 E'en now the soft reproach she frames :
 ' Can lovers brook such long delay ?
 ' Lovers that boast of ardent flames !'

He comes not—weary with the chase,
 Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
 He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
 Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
 Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
 She's not in Moray's splendid train ;
 Their mistress dear at midnight hour,
 Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down,
 For her no balms their sweets exhale :
 Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
 Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
 The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
 And the chill mountain's early air
 Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head,

As the soft star of orient Day,
 When clouds involve his rosy light,
 Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
 And leaves the world once more to night ;

Returning life illumines her eye,
 And slow its languid orb unfolds—
 What are those bloody arrows nigh ?
 Sure, bloody arrows she beholds !

What was that form so ghastly pale,
 That low beneath the poplar lay ?
 'Twas some poor Youth—' Ah Nithisdale !'
 She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
 The woodlark trills his liquid strain——
 Can morn's sweet music raise the dead ?
 Give the set eye its soul again ?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
 Which nature not profusely yields,
 Seeks in these lonely shades to find
 Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
 O'er all his paly visage glides——
 ' Ah me ! what means this misery here ?
 ' What fate this lady fair betides ?'

He bears her to his friendly home,
 When life, he finds, has but retir'd ;——
 With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
 For his is quite, is quite expir'd !

XIII

- O hide me in thy humble Bower,
Returning late to life she said ;
- I'll bind thy crook with many a flower ;
• With many a rosy wreath thy head.
- Good shepherd haste to yonder grove,
• And, if my love asleep is laid,
- Oh ! wake him not ; but softly move
• Some pillow to that gentle head.
- Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
• Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
- But Oh ! no lamb in all thy train
• Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.
- His head is on the wood-moss laid ;
• I did not wake his slumber deep—
- Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
• Why, gentle lady, would you weep ?

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear ;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah ! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know !
Ah ! sure, the privilege of mind
Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's Halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow consuming hour she'll weep,
Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

• These jewels all unmeet for me,
‘ Shalt thou,’ she said, ‘ good shepherd take;
• These gems will purchase gold for thee,
‘ And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

• So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
‘ The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
• Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
‘ Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

• Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
‘ Or aid thy shepherdess' care,
• For I will share her humble toil,
‘ And I her friendly roof will share.’

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's Halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears Love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side a shepherd's boy,
He binds his vale flowers with the reed ;
He wears love's sunny heart of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it clos'd would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?
Is she the friend of stern controul ?
Wears she the despot's purple vest ;
Or fetters she the free born soul ?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy children's breasts to bind ?
Gav'st thou the promethean flame ?
The incommunicable mind ?

Thy offspring are great Nature's,—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs ;
Each privilege she gives to thee ;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy fortune, wear thine eye,
Perhaps some feelings of thy heart ;
And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill fated Ellen claims thy hand :
 Thou know'st not thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray with unfather'd eyes,
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
 Attends his human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love ! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
 Thy lamps with heaven's own splendor bright.

But if no radiant star of love
 O hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
 Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
 Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
 Borne many a year unmark'd with speed——
 Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
 Who bound his vale flowers with the reed ?

Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
 No early charm returns again ;
 The parent, nature keeps in store
 Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
 That plays on Carron's breast he can,
 Reason has lent Her quivering light,
 And shewn the checquer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
 With pensive eye himself survey'd,
 And, all unconscious of his birth,
 Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade ;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
 Wild Carion's lonely woods among,
 And once, within their greenest Glade,
 He fondly fram'd this simple song :

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold ?
 Why am I tales of ladies told ?
 Why does no labour me employ,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

A filken vest like mine so green,
 In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
 Why should I in such vesture joy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

I know it is no shepherd's art
 His written meaning to impart—
 They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
 It could not come from shepherd's farm ;
 It only would that arm annoy,
 If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And, O thou silent picture fair,
 That lov'st to smile upon me there,
 O say, and fill my heart with joy,
 That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth ! thy tender lay
 May not thy gentle life prolong ;
 See'lt thou yon nightingale a prey ?
 The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song ?

His little heart is large with love :
 He sweetly hails his evening star,
 And Fate's more pointed arrows move.
 Infidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
 Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
 Must now their silent mansions share,
 Whom time leads calmly down to death.

' O tell me parent if thou art
 ' What is this lovely picture dear ?
 ' Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
 ' Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear ?

' Ah ! youth ! to leave thee loth am I,
 ' Tho' I be not thy parent dear ;
 ' And woud'st thou wish, or ere I die,
 ' The story of thy birth to hear ?

' But it will make thee much bewail,
 ' And it will make thy fair eye swell—'

She said, and told the woesome tale,
 As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXVI.

The heart, that sorrow doom'd to share
 Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
 Its sad impress learns to bear,
 And finds full oft, its ruin slow.

But when that seal is first impress'd,
 When the young heart its pain shall try,
 For the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
 Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness cloath'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide,
But when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

' No, I am not a shepherd's boy,'
Awaking from his dream, he said,
' Ah where is now the promised joy
' Of this?—for ever, ever fled !
' O picture dear ! for her lov'd sake
• How fondly could my heart bewail !
' My friendly shepherds, O wake,
' And tell me more of this sad tale.
' O tell me more of this sad tale——
' No ; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep !
' And I will go to Lowthian's vale,
' And more than all her waters weep,'

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
' O ! art thou there,' the fond heart said,
' O ! art thou there my parent dear ?'

Yes she is there : From idle state
Oft has she stole her hour to weep ;
Think how she ' by the cradle fate,'
And how she ' fondly saw thee sleep*.'

* See the ancient Scottish Ballad, call'd
Gill Morrice.

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
 Full many a tender line of love ;
 And still he blots the parent's name,
 For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
 Reclin'd a dim tower clad with moss,
 Where every bird was wont to bide,
 That languish'd for its partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd
 A parent's first embrace to wait,
 And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
 Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
 The well informing bracelet bore—
 Ah ! may they not unprosperous prove !
 Ah ! safely pass yon dangerous door !

XXVIII

' She comes not ;—can she then delay ?
 ' Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear——
 ' Whatever filial love could say,
 ' To her I said and call'd her dear.

'
 She comes—Oh ! No—encircled round
 ' 'Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
 ' My hapless tale that Earl has found—
 ' Ah me ! my heart ! for her I fear.'

His tender tale that Earl had read,
 Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
 His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
 In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er—those locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrants hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air.

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian's Halls ;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale,
The pictur'd bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim, straight he led,
Ere! yet her soul's first fear was o'er ;
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk, to rise no more.

T H E E N D.



T H E

HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland BALLAD.



THE HERMIT OF WARWORTH

BY

THE

HERMIT OF WARWORTH

A

Northumberland B.A.L.A.D.

THE HERMIT OF WARWORTH

TO HER GRACE
ELIZABETH
DUCHESS AND
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
IN HER OWN RIGHT
BARONESS PERCY.

&c. &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale;
The Muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scattered o'er the dale.

O Lady, may so slight a gift prevail,
And at your gracions hands acceptance find?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale,
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear:
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble ancestors appear;

She seeks no other praise, if you commend
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

M D C C L X X.

TO THE

READERS

OF THE

COUNTIES OF NORTHAMPTON

IN HER OWN RIGHT

AND BY VIRTUE

OF THE

STATUTE

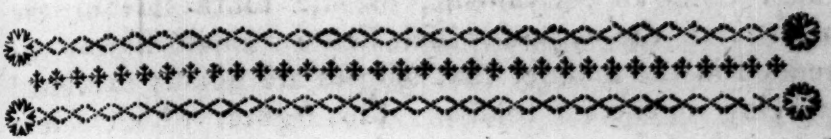
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ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old latin historians, Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the Sacristy and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses; for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church or Cathedral in minature.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is a small Tomb or Monument, on the south side of the altar: on the top of which lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other Figures; which, as well as the principal one abovementioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country, concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally agreed, that the Founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same Bertram, that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic win-

dows in this Chapel, especially those of the new altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden † informs us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family who lived at a later period.

* *Tanner's Notitia Monast.* † *See his Remains.*

* * F I T was the word used by the old Minstrels to signify a *Part* or *Division* of their historical songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of compositions. See Reliques of ancient Eng. Poetry.



T H E

HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland BALLAD.



F I T T H E F I R S T.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in fore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire,

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

K 3

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
 Nor let vain fears alarm ;
 My little cell shall shelter thee,
 And keep the safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
 Nor for myself I fear ;
 But for my dear and only friend,
 Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought
 Within this lonely wood,
 Ah ! fore I fear his wandering feet
 Have slipt in yonder flood.

O ! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
 And to my cell repair ;
 Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
 And ease thee of thy care,

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
 He scales the cliff so high ;
 And calls aloud, and waves his light,
 To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
 With careful steps and slow :
 At length a voice return'd his call,
 Quick answering from below.

O tell me father, tell me true,
 If you have chanc'd to see
 A gentle maid, ^I lately left
 Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But either I have lost the place,
 Or she hath gone astray ;
 And much I fear this fatal stream
 Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son the Hermit said ;
 The lady's safe and well :
 And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
 And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, those gentle friends
 They lov'd each other dear :
 The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
 The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
 Beheld so sweet a pair :
 The youth was tall with manly bloom,
 She slender, soft. and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
 With bugle-horn so bright :
 She in a filken robe and scarf,
 Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage,
 Sweet rest your limbs require ;
 Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
 And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
 Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
 And spreading all upon the board,
 Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare ;
 The youthful couple say :
 Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
 And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
 My council may avail)
 What strange adventure brought you here
 Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
 (Nor blame mine eager tongue)
 What town is here ? What lands are these
 And to what lord belong ?

Alas ! my son, the Hermit said,
 Why do I live to say,
 The rightful lord of these domains
 Is banish'd quite away ?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
 On this my lonely hall,
 Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North,
 Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
 Led up his northern powers,
 And stoutly fighting lost his life
 Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
 His country's hope and heir ;
 And, oh ! to save him from his foes
 It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe, he plac'd the child
 Beyond the reach of strife,
 Nor long before the brave old Earl
 At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
 Our northern pride and boast,
 Lies hid alas ! beneath a cloud ;
 Their honours rest and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
 Now leads our youth to arms ;
 The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
 And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills,
The PERCY lives unknown:
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes,
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!—
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bless me, father, said the youth,
For I thy guest am He.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
Then lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head:

Welcome, our dear and much lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair.

Now, father, listen to my tale,
 And thou shalt know the truth :
 And let thy sage advice direct
 My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
 Beneath the Regent's hand*,
 In feats of arms, and every lore
 To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
 My native land to see :
 At length I won my guardian friend
 To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
 I wander'd as in chace,
 Till in the noble NEVILLE's house †
 I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
 Till I'd the hap so rare,
 To please this young and gentle dame,
 That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
 The truth I must reveal ;
 Souls great and generous, like to thine,
 Their noble deeds conceal.

* *Robert Stuart, Duke of Alanby.* See the continuator of *Fordon's Scoti-Chronicon*, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† *Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmorland*, who chiefly resided at his two Castles of *Brancepeth*, and *Raby*, both in the Bishoprick of Durham.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander'd forth to take the air,
Among the greenwood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunter's spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came ;
The Scots were overthrown ;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied :
Blest were the wounds I bare !
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride ;
But oh ! we fear'd, (alas, the while !)
Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty BOLINBROKE*
 Our house's ancient foe,
 To me I thought a banish'd wight,
 Could ne'er such favour shew.

Despairing then to gain consent ;
 At length to fly with me
 I won this lovely timorous maid,
 To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
 Fearing we were pursued,
 We turn'd adown the right hand path,
 And gain'd this lonely wood.

Then lighting from our weary steeds
 To shun the pelting shower,
 We met thy kind conducting hand,
 And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;
 A while your cares foregoe :
 Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed ;
 — We'll pass the night below. †

* *Joan*, countess of Westmorland, mother of the Lady, was daughter of *John of Gaunt*, and half-sister of king Henry VI.

† Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little Bed Chamber over it, and is now in ruins : whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.



T H E
HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

F I T T H E S E C O N D.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend,
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast ?
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride.

Within this lonely Hermitage
There is a chapel meet :
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss compleat.

L.

O HENRY, when thou deign'st to sue,
 Can I thy suit withstand?
 When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
 Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles,
 And mother's tender care;
 And whether weal or woe betide,
 Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
 Such matchless favour show,
 To share with me a banish'd wight
 My peril, pain, or woe.

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
 To crown thy constant breast;
 For, know, fond hope assures my heart
 That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle
 Surrounded by the sea;
 There dwells a holy friar, well-known
 To all thy friends and thee:*

'Tis father Bernard, so rever'd
 For every worthy deed;
 To RABY castle he shall go,
 And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
 Our reverend host is gone:
 And soon, I trust, his pious hands
 Will join us both in one.

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth,
 are still the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the
 Benedictine monks of Tinmouth-Abbey.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
Then glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to RABY's distant walls
He kindly bends his way ;
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of stately steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred Vaults he shows ;
The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching Columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace :
The Lattice for confession fram'd,
And Holy-water Vase.

O'er either door a sacred Text
 Invites to godly fear ;
 And in a little scutcheon hung
 The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
 Two easy steps ascend ;
 And near a glimmering solemn light
 Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a Tomb
 All in the living stone :
 On which a young and beauteous Maid
 In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
 A weeping warrior at her feet ;
 And near to these her Crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair :
 Eager they ask, what hapless dame
 Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
 For sorrow scarce could speak :
 At length he wip'd the trickling tear
 That all bedew'd his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life
 Is but a vale of woe ;
 And very mournful is the tale,
 Which you so fain would know.

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdring-
 ton family. All the Figures, &c. here described, are
 still visible ; only somewhat effaced with length of
 time.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandfire had a friend
 In days of youthful fame ;
 Yon distant hills were his domains ;
 Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
 His friend was by his side ;
 And many a skirmish with the Scots
 Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
 As fair as fair might be ?
 The dew-drop on the lilly's cheek,
 Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDINGTON the maiden's name,
 Yon towers her dwelling place ; †
 Her fire an old Northumbrian chief,
 Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
 To this fair damsel came ;
 But Bertram was her only choice ;
 For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
 Her father soon consents ;
 None but the beauteous maid herself,
 His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
 Defers the blissful hour ;
 And loves to try his constancy,
 And prove her maiden power.

† Widdrington Castle, is about five miles south of Warkworth.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel mirth, and revelry
The castle rung around:
Lord PERCY, call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The Minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver Crescents on their arms
Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
' How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
" First led his northern band. †

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
" With venturous Rollo came;
' And from his Norman Castles won
" Assum'd the PERCY name. §

† See Dugdale's Baronage, pa. 269, &c.

§ In lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

- " They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet
 " Lord William shipp'd his powers,
 " And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
 " With all her lands and towers. †

 " Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 " There bravely fought and dy'd :
 " But first the silver Crescent wan,
 " Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

 " They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
 " The queen's own brother wed
 " Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
 " In princely Barbant bred.*
-

† *William De Percy*, fifth in descent from *Galfred* or *Geffery De Percy*, son of *Mainfred*, assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of *Emma De Porte*, (so the Norman writers name her) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young Lady. *William* from a principle of honour and generosity married : for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the conqueror, " he (to use the " words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that " was very heire to them, in discharging of his consci- " ence." See Harl. MSS. 692, (26)—He died at Moontjoy near Jerusalem in the first Crusade.

* *Agnes De Percy*, sole heiress of her house, married *Josceline De Lovain*, youngest son of Godfred Barbat, duke of Barbant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of *Percy*, and was ancestor to the Earls of Northumberland. His son lord Richard De Percy was one of the twenty-six barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

“ How he the Percy name reviv’d,
 “ And how his noble line
 “ Sill foremost in their country’s cause
 “ With godlike ardour shine.”

With loud acclaims the listening croud
 Applaud the master’s song,
 And deeds of arms and war became
 The theme of ev’ry tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
 Their perils past recal,
 When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
 Step’d forward thro’ the hall.

She Bertram courteously address’d ;
 And kneeling on her knee ;
 Sir knight, the lady of thy love
 Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
 Well-plated many a fold,
 The casque was wrought of temper’d steel,
 The crest of burnish’d gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
 And yields to be thy bride,
 When thou hast prov’d this maiden gift
 Where sharpest blows are try’d.

Young Bertram took the shining helme
 And thrice he kiss’d the same :
 Trust me. I’ll prove this precious casque
 With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY and his baron's bold
 Then fix upon a day
 To scour the marches, late oppress'd
 And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knight, assembled on the hills
 A thousand horse or more ;
 Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
 The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
 And range the borders round ;
 Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
 Their bugle horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
 Hath heard the hunter's cries,
 And rushes out to meet his foes ,
 So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
 A thousand warriors wait ;
 And now the fatal hour drew on
 Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
 Advance before the rest ;
 Lord P E R C Y mark'd their gallant mein,
 And thus his friend address'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
 Attack yon forward band ;
 Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
 Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram, bow'd, with glad ass
 And spur'd his eager speed,
 And calling on his Lady's name,
 Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of Sapling oaks
 The livid lightning rends ;
 So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
 Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
 And keenly pierces thro' ;
 And many a tall and comely knight
 With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side
 They hem Sir Bertram round ;
 But dauntless he repels their rage,
 And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
 Had well-nigh won the field ;
 When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
 And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
 And reft his helme in twain :
 That beauteous helme his lady's gift !
 — His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
 Amid the unequal fight ;
 And now, my noble friends, he said,
 Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
 He o'er the warrior hung;
 As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
 To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their pray,
 Three times they quick retire:
 What force could stand his furious strokes,
 Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part
 The battle rag'd amain;
 And many a lady wept her lord
 That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
 There all their courage show'd:
 And all the field was strew'd with dead,
 And all with crimson flow'd,

At length the glory of the day
 The Scots reluctant yield,
 And, after wonderous valour shown,
 They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
 And weltering in his gore
 Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
 To WARK's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love;
 Her father kindly fed;
 And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came ;
 Fair ISABEL ne'er appears :
 Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
 Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up my son, thou shalt her see
 So soon as thou canst ride ;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
 And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
 He blest the soothing sound ;
 Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

WARK Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of *Tiviotdale*, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.



T H E
H E R M I T o f W A R K W O R T H .

A

Northumberland B A L L A D .



F I T T H E T H I R D .

ONE early morn while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick bed rose,
His bride he would go see,

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

M

At length her aged Nurse arose
 With voice so shrill and clear :
 What wight is this, that calls so loud,
 And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
 Come from his bed of care :
 All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
 To see thy lady fair.

Now out alas ! (she loudly shriek'd)
 Alas ! how may this be ?
 For six long days are gone and past
 Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
 And ready was he to fall :
 When now the draw-bridge was let down,
 And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight are past and gone,
 Since she set out to thee ;
 And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
 Long since thou would'st her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
 She tore her hair, and cried,
 Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
 All thro' my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,
 And his dear health regain,
 I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
 And sooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
 One morn at break of day ;
 And two tall yeomen went with her
 To guard her on her way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
 And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind :
 Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
 'Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
 And with sad boding heart
 Or ever the dawning of the day
 His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
 O'er Scottish hills to range :
 Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
 And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
 And borne her to his den ?
 And ne'er will I tread English ground
 Till she is restor'd agen.

The brothers straight their paths divide,
 O'er Scottish hills to range ;
 And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
 And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of grey,
 Most like a palmer poor,
 To halls and castles wanders round,
 And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
 With pipes so loud and shrill ;
 And wends to every tower and town ;
 O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he fate under a thorn
 All sunk in deep despair,
 An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
 Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minstrels yet that ere I saw,
 Are full of game and glee :
 But thou art sad and woe-begone !
 I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
 Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
 His only child is sto'ln away,
 And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son, perchance, (he said)
 Some tidings I may bear :
 For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
 Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
 Down in a lonely glen,
 There stands a castle fair and strong,
 Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
 About this evening hour,
 Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
 Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd what harm had hap'd,
 What lady sick there lay ?
 They rudely drove me from the gate,
 And bade me wend away.

The tidings caught fir Bertram's ear,
 He thank'd him for his tale ;
 And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
 And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
 Which stood in dale so low,
 And sitting down beside the gate,
 His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
 To hear a Minstrel's song ?
 Or may I crave a lodging here ?
 Without offence or wrong ?

My Lord, he said, is not at home
 To hear a Minstrel's song :
 And should I lend thee lodging here,
 My life would not be long.

He play'd again, so soft a strain,
 Such power sweet sounds impart,
 He won the churlish Porter's ear,
 And mov'd his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
 Fair entrance thou should'st win ;
 But, alas ! I am sworn upon the rood,
 To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
 Thou'lt find a sheltering cave,
 And here thou shalt my supper share,
 And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
 And pipes both loud and clear :
 All night he watches round the walls,
 In hopes his love to hear.

The first night as he silent watch'd
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
'Till near the morning tide ;
When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid :
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream.
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can 'scape the lover's ken ?
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent steps he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm,
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said :
 My thanks thou well hast won :
 For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd ?
 For me what dangers run ?

And ever shall my grateful heart
 Thy services repay :——
 Sir Bertram would no further hear,
 But cried, Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor, yield that Lady up !—
 And quick his sword he drew,
 The stranger turn'd in sudden rage
 And at Sir Bertram flew,

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
 Gave many a vengeful blow :
 But Bertram's stronger arm prevail'd,
 And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die !—A deadly thrust
 Attends each furious word.
 Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
 And rush'd beneath his sword.

❶ Stop, she cried, O stop thy arm !
 Thou dost thy brother slay !—
 And here the Hermit paus'd and wept :
 His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, ye lovely pair,
 How shall I tell the rest ?—
 Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
 It fell, and stabb'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?

Ah ! cruel fate ! they said.

The Hermit wept, and so did they ;

They sigh'd ; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage he cried,

What evils from thee flow ?

The Hermit paus'd ; they silent mourn'd ;

He wept, and they were woe.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,

And saw my lady bleed,

I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,

That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,

And clos'd the ghastly wound ;

In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,

And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spoke never more ;

His precious life was flown.

She kindly strove to sooth my pain,

Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,

And live to think on me :

May we in heaven that union prove,

Which here was not to be.

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;

Thou only hadst my heart :

May we hereafter meet in bliss !

We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief ;
When, lo ! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refus'd with scorn ;
He slew my guards and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn ;

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd ;
And fondly sued and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear ;
When wandering in this northern garb
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
To set me captive free ;
And on the moor his horses wait
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
 Devoid of sense I lay :
 Then sudden all in frantic mood
 I meant myself to slay :

And rising up in furious haste
 I seiz'd the bloody brand :* (*i. e. word.)
 A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
 And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
 Had miss'd their lovely ward ;
 And seizing me to prison bare,
 And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
 Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
 Lord PERCY had us soon exchange'd,
 And strove to sooth my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains
 To England were convey'd :
 And there within their silent tombs,
 With holy rites were laid.

For me I loath'd my wretched life,
 And long to end it thought ;
 Till time, and books and holy men
 Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows :
 They taught me to despise the world,
 And calmly bears its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and fordid care :
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild ;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely Anchorite
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave t
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here ;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
 Forfaken, or forgot,
 The PERCY and his noble Sons
 Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
 And cumbrous pomp of power,
 Would gladly seek my little cell
 To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of time is length of woe,
 I liv'd to mourn his fall :
 I liv'n to mourn his godlike Sons,
 And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
 Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
 And raise again the PERCY name
 More glorious than before.

He ceas'd. and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 Whil they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
 They ask the good old fire ;
 And guided by his sage advice
 To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
 At RABY'S stately hall,
 Earl Neville and his princely Spouse
 Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her * Nephew's throne
 The royal grace implor'd :
 To all the honours of his race
 The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame ;
 NINE noble SONS to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414,

* * The account given in the foregoing ballad of
 young PERCY, the son of HORSBUR, is confirmed by
 the following Extract from an old Chronicle formerly
 belonging to Whitby Abbey.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

“ HENRY PERCY, the son sir HENRY PERCY, that
 “ was slayne at Shresbury, and of ELIZABETH, the
 “ daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of
 “ his Father and Grauntsyre, was exiled into Scotland*
 “ in the time of king Henry the Fourth: but in the
 “ time of king Henry the Fifth, by the labour of Jo-
 “ HANNE the countes of Westmerland, (whose Daugh-
 “ ter ALIANOR he *had wedded in coming into England,*)
 “ he recovered the king's grace, and the countye of
 “ Northumberland, so was the *Second Erle* of Nor-
 “ thumberland.

“ And of this ALIANOR his wife, he begat IX
 “ Sonnes, and III Daughters, whose names be Jo-
 “ HANNE, that is buried at Whitby: THOMAS, lord
 “ Egremont: KATHARYNE GRAY of Rythen: Sir
 “ RAFFE PERCY: WILLIAM PERCY, a Byshopp:
 “ RICHARD PERCY: JOHN, that died WITHOUT ISSUE:
 “ [another JOHN, called by *Vincent* † ‘ Johannes
 “ Percy senior de Warkworth’:] GEGRGE PERCY,
 “ Clerk: HENRY that died WITHOUT ISSUE:
 “ ANNE——” (besides the eldest son and successor
 here ommitted, because he comes in below, viz.

“ HENRY PERCY, the *third Erle* of Northumberland.

Vid. Harl. MSS. No 629. (26) in the British Museum.

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the
 reign of king Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore*
Henrici Regis quarti. Lat. MSS. penes Duc. North.

† See his Great Baronage No. 20. in the Heralds office.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist,* which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT
DAY AND NIGHT.

Is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: Whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monastries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will shew the liberal Exhibition afforded to

his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c- of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIth's time †.

**SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT
OF XX MERKS BY YERE.**

“ HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c.
 “ Know youe that I the said Erle, in consi-
 “ deration of the diligent and thankfull ser-
 “ vice, that my well beloved Chaplen *Sir*
 “ *George Lancaſtre* hath don unto me the said
 “ Erle, and also for the goode and vertus dif-
 “ position I do perceiue in him: And for that
 “ he shall have in his daily recommendation
 “ and praiers the good estate of all such noble
 “ Blode and other Personages, as be now lev-
 “ ynge; and the soules of such noble Blode
 “ as be departed on the mercy of God owte
 “ of this present lyve, whos Names are con-
 “ teyned and wrettyn in a Table upon perch-
 “ ment signed with thande of me the said
 “ Erle, and delivered to the cnstodie and
 “ keapyng of the said *Sir George Lancaſtre*;
 “ and further, that he shall kepe and say his
 “ devyn service in celebrating and doing
 “ Masse of *Requiem* every weke accordynge

" as it is written and set furth in the said
 " Table : *Have* geven and graunted, and by
 " these presents do geve and graunte unto
 " the said *Sir George*, myn *Armytage* belded
 " in a Rock of stone within my Parke of
 " WARKWORTH in the Countie of Nor-
 " thumberland in the honour of the blessed
 " Trynete, with a yerly stipendie of twenty
 " Merks by yere*, from the feest of ~~seint~~
 " *Michell* tharchaungle last past afore the
 " date herof yerly durynge the naturall lyve
 " of the said *Sir George* : AND also I the said
 " Erle, have geven and graunted, and by
 " thele presents do geve and graunte unto
 " the said *Sir George Lancastre*, the occupa-
 " tion of one little Gresground of myn cal-
 " led Conygarth nygh adjoinyng the said
 " Hermitage, only to his only use and prou-
 " fit wynter and sumer durynge the said
 " terme; The Garden and Orteyard belong-
 " ynge the said *Armytage* ; The Gate† and
 " Pasture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with their
 " Calves sucking; and two Horses goynge
 " and beyng within my said Park of Wark-
 " worth wynter and somer ; One draught of
 " Fishe every Sundaie in the yere to be
 " drawn fornen† the said *Armytage*, called
 " The Trynete Draught; AND Twenty Lods

* This would be equal to £.100 per annum now.
 See the Chronicon Pretosum. † Going : from the
 verb, To Gae. ‡ Or fore-anent : i. e. opposite

“ of Fyrewode to betaken of my Wods called
 “ Shilbotell Wode, during the said terme.
 “ The stipend of XX Merks by yer to be
 “ taken and perceived † yerly of the rent
 “ and terme of my Fishing of Warkworth,
 “ by thands of the Fermour of Fermours
 “ of the same for the tyme beyng yerly at
 “ the times ther used and accustomed by
 even portions. In wytnes
 Allowe in recompence whereof to these my Let-
 hereof yerly x “ † ters Patentes I the said
 Richard Ryche Erle have set the Seale of
 “ myn Armes ; *Seven* undre my Signet at
 “ my Castle of Warkworth, the third Day of
 “ December, in the XXIII Yer of the Reign
 “ of our Sovereign Lorde Kyng Henry the
 “ Eight.”

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the
 above Patent was produced before the Court
 of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20
 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the same was al-
 lowed by the Chancellor and Council of the
 said Court, and all the profits confirmed to
 the incumbent *Sir George Lancaster* ; Ex-
 cepting that in compensation for the annual
 Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive

† Sic MS. † So the MS. The above Sir Richard
 Ryche was Chancellor of the Augmentations at the Sup-
 pression of the Monasteries.

a stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called the Rood Chapel, and the Hospital of *St. Leonard*, within the Barony of *Wigdon*, in the County of Cumberland.

After the perusal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needless to caution the reader against a mistake, some have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham, bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankelston for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham†. That small monastic foundation is indeed called a CELL by bishop Tanner‡: but he must be very ignorant, who supposes that by the word CELL is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventual establishment, which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its site, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than *One Priest* main-

† Ang. Sacr p 738.

‡ Not Mon 396

tained, at one and the same time, within the Hermitage, is plainly proved (if any further proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a survey of *Warkworth*, made in the Year 1567 †, viz.

“ Ther is in the Parke (sc. of *Warkworth*)
 “ also one Howse hewyn within one Cragge,
 “ which is called the *Hermitage Chapel*: In
 “ the same ther haith bene *One Preat* keap-
 “ ed which did such godlye services as at that
 “ tyme was used and celebrated. The Man-
 “ sion Howse (se. the small building adjoin-
 “ ing to the Cragge) ys now in decaye: The
 “ Closes that appertained the said Chantrie
 “ ys occupied to his Lordship’s use.”

† By George Clarkfon, MS. penes Duc, North.

THE END.



SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A N D T H E

BLEEDING ROCK,
TWO LEGENDARY TALES.

By Miss HANNAH MORE.

Of them who, wrapt in Earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Shou'd many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

LANGHORNE.



THE BURNING OF THE BURNING

BURNING OF THE BURNING

TWO LITTLE BURNING

THE BURNING OF THE BURNING

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DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

S I R,

IT is scarcely possible that any one should entertain a more humble opinion of the following little Production, than she who presents it to you. It is a trifle which, she con-

fesses, has but a very slender claim to your protection; but she considers that your Name will be an ornament to her Book, as your Friendship has been an honour to its Author.

Where merit is incontestable, and characters are decided by the concurring suffrage of mankind, praise becomes almost impertinent. It is absurd to be industrious in proving truths so self-evident, that no one ever thought of controverting them.

I may be accused of advancing a startling proposition, when I declare that you are an enemy to the Muses; but if it be allowed that description and invention are the very soul of Poetry I shall be justified by the world in general, who constantly behold you displaying talents which cannot be described, and

exhibiting excellencies which leave nothing to be imagined

Whatever reason I may find to regret my having ventured these little Poems into the world, I shall at least have no common pleasure in recollecting one circumstance attending them, since they furnish me with an occasion of assuring you with what esteem and admiration

I am, S I R,

BRISTOL, Your most obedient,
Dec. 14. 1775. and very humble Servant,

H A N N A H M O R E.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART I.

*O nostra Vita. ch'e si bella in vista !
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel. ch'en molt' anni a grand penas' acquista !*

PETRARCA.

THERE was a young, and valiant Knight,
SIR ELDRED was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding *Tay*, her stream sends forth,
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
SIR ELDRED's castle stood.

The youth was rich as youth might be
In patrimonial dower ;
And many a noble feat had he
Atchieved, in hall, and bower.

O

He did not think, as some have thought;
 Whom honour never crown'd,
 The fame a father dearly bought,
 Cou'd make the son renown'd.

He better thought, a noble fire,
 Who gallant deeds had done,
 To deeds of hardihood shou'd fire
 A brave and gallant son.

The fairest ancestry on earth
 Without desert is poor ;
 And every deed of lofty worth
 Is but a claim for more.

Sir ELDRED's heart was good and kind,
 Alive to Pity's call ;
 A crowd of virtues grac'd his mind,
 He lov'd, and felt for all.

When *merit* rais'd the sufferer's name,
 He shower'd his bounty *then* ;
 And those who could not prove that claim,
 He succour'd still as *men*.

But sacred truth the Muse compels
 His errors to impart ;
 And yet the Muse reluctant tells
 The fault of ELDRED's heart :

Tho' kind and gentle as the dove,
 As free from guile and art,
 And mild, and soft as infant love
 The feelings of his heart.

Yet if the passions storm'd his soul,
 By jealousy led on ;
 The whirlwind rage disdain'd controul,
 And bore his virtues down.

Not Thule's waves so wildly break
To drown the northern shore ;
Nor Etna's entrails fiercer shake ;
Or Scythia's tempests roar.

As when on summer's sweetest day,
To fan the fragrant morn.
The sighing breezes softly stray
O'er fields of ripen'd corn ;

Sudden the lightning's blast descends,
Deforms the ravag'd fields ;
At once the various ruin blends,
And all resistless yields.

But when, to clear his stormy breast,
The sun of reason shone,
And ebbing passions sunk to rest,
And shew'd what rage had done.

O then what anguish he betray'd !
His shame how deep, how true !
He view'd the waste his rage had made,
And shudder'd at the view.

The meek-ey'd dawn, in saffron robe,
Proclaim'd the opening day.
Up rose the sun to gild the globe,
And hail the new-born May ;

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
And glad the thick'ning grove,
And feather'd partners fondly greet
With many a song of love ;

When pious ELDRED walk'd abroad
His morning vows to pay,
And hail the universal Lord
Who gave the goodly day.

That done—he left his woodland glade,
 And journey'd far away :
 He lov'd to court the stranger shade,
 And thro' the lone vale stray.

Within the bosom of a wood,
 By circling hills embrac'd,
 A little, modest mansion stood,
 Built by the hand of taste.

While many a prouder castle fell,
 This safely did endure ;
 The house where guardian virtues dwell
 Is sacred, and secure.

Of Eglantine an humble fence
 Around the mansion stood,
 Which charm'd at once the ravish'd sense,
 And screen'd an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
 As pleas'd it bent to look,
 And view'd its ever verdant face
 Reflected in a brook.

The smallness of the stream did well
 The master's fortunes shew ;
 But little streams may serve to tell
 From what a source they flow.

This mansion own'd an aged Knight,
 And such a man was he,
 As heaven just shews to human sight
 To tell what man shou'd be.

His youth in many a well fought field
 Was train'd betimes to war ;
 His bosom, like a well worn shield,
 Was grac'd with many a scar.

The vigour of a green old age
 His reverend form did bear ;
 And yet, alas ! the warrior sage
 Had drain'd the dregs of care :

And sorrow more than age can break,
 And wound its hapless prey ;
 'Twas sorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
 And turn'd his bright locks gray.

One darling daughter sooth'd his cares,
 A young and beauteous dame ;
 Sole comfort of his failing years,
 And BIRTHA was her name.

Her heart a little sacred shrine.
 Where all the Virtues meet ;
 And holy Hope, and Faith divine,
 Had claim'd it for their seat.

She rear'd a fair and fragrant bower
 Of wild and rustic taste,
 And there she screen'd each fav'rite flower
 From every ruder blast.

And not a shrub or plant was there
 But did some moral yield ;
 For wisdom, by a father's care,
 Was found in every field.

The trees whose foliage fell away,
 And with the summer died,
 He thought an image of decay
 Might lecture human pride.

While fair, perennial greens that stood,
 And brav'd the wintry blast,
 As types of the fair mind he view'd
 Which shall for ever last.

He taught her that the gaudiest flowers
 Were seldom fragrant found,
 But wasted soon their little powers,
 Lay useless on the ground.

While the sweet-scented rose shall last,
 And boast its fragrant power,
 When life's imperfect day is past,
 And beauty's shorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
 Her inoffensive day,
 And here she oft retir'd to read,
 And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd she grac'd the woodland shades,
 From courts and cities far,
 The pride of Caledonian maids,
 The peerless northern star.

As shines that bright and blazing star,
 The glory of the night,
 When sailing thro' the cloudless air,
 She sheds her silver light.

So BIRTHA shone !—But when she spoke
 The Muse herself was heard,
 As on the ravish'd air she broke,
 And thus her prayer preferr'd.

“ O blest thy BIRTHA, Power Supreme,
 “ In whom I live and move,
 “ And blest me most by blessing him
 “ Whom more than life I love.”

She starts to hear a stranger's voice,
And with a modest grace
She lifts her meek eye in surprize,
And sees a stranger's face.

The stranger lost in transport flood,
Bereft of voice and pow'r,
While she with equal wonder view'd
SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The virgin blush which spreads her cheek,
With Nature's purest dye,
And all those dazzling beams which break,
Like morning from her eye.

He view'd them all, and as he view'd
Drank deeply of delight ;
And still his raptur'd eye pursued,
And feasted on the sight.

With silent wonder long they gaz'd,
And neither silence broke ;
At length the smother'd passion blaz'd,
Enamour'd ELDRED spoke :

" O sacred Virtue, heavenly power !
" Thy wonderous force I feel ;
" I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
" Yet die my love to tell.

" My scorn has oft the dart repell'd
" Which guileful beauty threw,
" But goodness heard, and grace beheld,
" Must every heart subdue."

Quick on the ground her eyes were cast,
 And now as quickly rais'd :——
 Her father haply that way past,
 On whom she trembling gaz'd.

Good ARDOLPH's eye his BIRTHA meets
 With glances of delight ;
 And thus with courteous speech he greets
 The young and graceful Knight ;

“ O gallant Youth, whoe'er thou art,
 “ Thou art welcome to this place ;
 “ There's something rises at my heart
 “ Which says I've seen that face.”

“ Thou generous Knight,” the youth rejoin'd,
 “ Tho' little known to fame,
 “ I trust I bear a grateful mind——
 “ Sir ELDRED is my name.

“ Sir ELDRED ?”——ARDOLPH loud exclaim'd,
 “ Renown'd for worth and power ?
 “ For valour and for virtue fam'd,
 “ Sir ELDRED OF THE BOWER ?

“ Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,
 “ As thou art good to me,
 “ Since to my aged eyes 'tis given
 “ Sir ELDRED's son to see !”

Then ARDOLPH caught him by the hand,
 And gaz'd upon his face,
 And to his aged bosom strain'd.
 With many a kind embrace.

Again he view'd him o'er and o'er.
 And doubted still the truth,
 And ask'd what he had ask'd before,
 Then thus address'd the Youth :

“ Come now beneath my roof I pray,
 “ Some needful rest to take,
 “ And with us many a cheerful day
 “ Thy friendly sojourn make.”

He enter'd at the gate straightway
 Some needful rest to take ;
 And with them many a cheerful day
 Did friendly sojourn make.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.



SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.



PART II.

ONCE—'twas upon a summer's walk,
 The gaudy day was fled ;
 They cheated Time with cheerful talk,
 When thus Sir ARDOLPH said :

"Thy father was the firmest friend
 "That e'er my being blest?
 "And every virtue Heaven could send,
 "Fast bound him to my breast.

"Together did we learn to bear
 "The casque and ample shield ;
 "Together learn'd in many a war,
 "The deathful spear to wield

"To make our union still more dear,
 "We both were doom'd to prove
 "What is most sweet and most severe
 "In heart dissolving love.

“ The daughter of a neighbouring Knight
 “ Did *my* fond heart engage ;
 “ And ne’er did Heaven the virtues write
 “ Upon a fairer page.

“ *His* bosom felt an equal wound,
 “ Nor sigh’d we long in vain :
 “ One summer’s sun beheld us bound
 “ In Hymen’s holy chain,

“ Thou wast Sir ELDRED’s on’y child,
 “ Thy father’s darling joy ;
 “ On me a lovely daughter smil’d;
 “ On me a blooming boy.

“ But man has woes, has clouds of care,
 “ That dim his star of life——
 “ My arms receiv’d the little pair,
 “ The earth’s cold breath my wife.

“ Forgive thou gentle Knight, forgive,
 “ Fond foolish tears will flow ;
 “ One day like mine thy heart may have,
 “ And mourn its lot of woe.

“ But grant, kind Heaven ! thou ne’er may’st know
 “ The pangs I now impart;
 “ Nor ever feel the deadly blow
 “ That rives a husband’s heart.

“ Beside the blooming banks of *Tay*,
 “ My angel’s ashes sleep ;
 “ And wherefore should her ARDOLPH stay,
 “ Except to watch and weep ?

109
" I bore my beauteous babes away
" With many a gushing tear,
" I left the blooming banks of *Tay*,
" And brought my darlings here.

" I watch'd my little household cares,
" And form'd their growing youth;
" And fondly train'd their infant years
" To love and cherish truth."

" Thy blooming *BIRTRA* here I see,"
Sir *ELDRED* straight rejoin'd;
" But why the son is not with thee,
" Resolve my doubting mind."

When *BIRTRA* did the question hear,
She sigh'd, but could not speak;
And many a soft and silent tear
Stray'd down her damask cheek.

Then pass'd o'er good Sir *ARDOLPA*'s face,
A cast of deadly pale;
But soon compos'd, with manly grace
He thus renew'd his tale.

" For him my heart too much has bled,
" For him, my darling son,
" Has sorrow prest my hoary head;
" But Heav'n's high will be done;

" Scarce eighteen winters had revolv'd,
" To crown the circling year,
" Before my valiant boy resolv'd
" The warrior's lance to bear.

" Too high I priz'd my native land,
" Too dear his fame I held,
" T' oppose a parent's stern command,
" And keep him from the field.

- " He left me—left his sister too,
 " Yet tears bedew'd his face—
 " What could a feeble old man do?—
 " He burst from my embrace.

 " O thirst of glory, fatal flame?
 " O laurels dearly bought!
 " Yet sweet is death when earn'd with fame—
 " So virtuous EDWY thought.

 " Full manfully the brave boy strove,
 " Tho' pressing ranks oppose;
 " But weak the strongest arm must prove
 " Against an host of foes.

 " A deadly wound my son receives,
 " A spear assails his side:
 " Grief does not kill—for ARDOLPH lives
 " To tell that EDWY died.

 " His long lov'd mother died again
 " In EDWY's parting groan;
 " I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
 " I wept for both in one.

 " I would have died—I sought to die;
 " But Heaven restrain'd the thought,
 " And to my passion clouded eye
 " My helpless BIRTHA brought.

 " When lo! array'd in robes of light,
 " A nymph celestial came;
 " She clear'd the mists that dimm'd my sight—
 " RELIGION was her name.

 " She prov'd the chastisement divine,
 " And bade me kiss the rod;
 " She taught this rebel heart of mine
 " Submission to its God.

RELIGION taught me to sustain
 " What nature bade me feel ;
 " And piety reliev'd the pain
 " Which time can never heal.

He ceas'd—with sorrow and delight
 The tale Sir **ELDRED** hears,
 Then weeping cries—" Thou noble Knight
 " For thanks accept my tears.

" O **ARDOLPH**, might I dare aspire
 " To claim so bright a boon !
 " Good old Sir **ELDRED** was my sire—
 " And thou hast lost a son.

" And tho' I want a worthier plea
 " To urge so dear a cause ;
 " Yet, let me to thy bosom be
 s' What once thy **EDWY** was.

" My trembling tongue its aid denies ;
 " For thou may'st disapprove ;
 " Then read it in my ardent eyes,
 " Oh ! read the tale of love.

" Thy beauteous **BIRTHA** !"—" Gracious Power,
 " How could I e'er repine,
 Cries **ARDOLPH**, " since I see this hour ?
 " Yes——**BIRTHA** shall be thine."

A little transient gleam of red
 Shot faintly o'er her face,
 And every trembling feature spread
 With sweet disordered grace.

The tender father kindly smil'd
 With fulness of content,
 And fondly eyed his darling child,
 Who, bashful, blush'd consent.

O then to paint the vast delight
 That fill'd Sir ELDRED's heart,
 To tell the transports of the Knight,
 Wou'd mock the Muse's art.

But every kind and gracious soul,
 Where gentle passions dwell,
 Will better far conceive the whole,
 Than any Muse can tell.

The more the Knight his BIRTHA knew,
 The more he priz'd the maid ;
 Some worth each day produc'd to view,
 Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
 The dear accomplish'd Youth ;
 His single breast she strove to warm,
 And crown'd, with, love his truth,

Unlike the dames of modern days,
 Who *general* homage claim,
 Who court the *universal* gaze,
 And pant for *public* fame.

Then Beauty but on merit smil'd,
 Nor were her chaste smiles sold ;
 No venal father gave his child
 For grandeur or for gold.

The ardour of young ELDRED's flame
But ill cou'd brook delay,
And oft he prefs'd the maid to name
A speedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breast
'Twas all in vain to hide,
But she his eager suit repress'd
With modest, maiden pride.

When oft Sir ELDRED prefs'd the day
Which was to crown his truth,
The thoughtful Sire would sigh, and say,
" O happy state of youth !

" It little recks the woes which wait
" To scare its dreams of joy,
" Nor thinks to morrow's alter'd fate
" May all those dreams destroy.

" And tho' the flatterer, Hope, deceives,
" And painted prospects shews ;
" Yet man, still cheated, still believes
" Till death the bright scene close.

" So look'd my bride, so sweetly mild,
" On me her beauty's slave ;
" But whilst she look'd, and whilst she smil'd,
" She sunk into the grave.

" Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
" Forgive a father's zeal :
" Who fondly loves must greatly fear,
" Who fears must greatly feel.

“ Once more in soft and sacred bands
 “ Shall Love and Hymen meet ;
 “ To-morrow shall unite your hands,
 “ And——be your bliss complete !”

The rising sun inflam'd the sky,
 The golden orient blush'd,
 But BIRTHA'S cheeks a sweeter die,
 A brighter crimson flush'd.

The Priest, in milk-white vestments clad,
 Perform'd the mystic rite ;
 Love lit the hallow'd torch that led
 To Hymen's chaste delight.

How feeble language were to speak
 Th' immeasurable joy
 That fir'd Sir ELDRED'S ardent cheek,
 And triumph'd in his eye !

Sir ARDOLPH'S pleasure stood confest,
 A pleasure all his own ;
 The guarded rapture of a breast
 Which many a grief had known.

'Twas such a sober sense of joy
 As Angel's well might keep ;
 A joy chastis'd by piety,
 A joy prepar'd to weep.

To recollect her scatter'd thought,
 And shun the noon-tide hour,
 The lovely bride in secret sought
 The coolness of her bower.

Long she remain'd——th' enamour'd Knight,
 Impatient at her stay,
 And all unfit to taste delight
 When BIRTHA was away.

Betakes him to the secret Bower ;
 His footsteps softly move ;
 Impell'd by every tender power,
 He steals upon his love.

O, horror ! horror ! blasting fight !
 He sees his BIRTHA's charms,
 Reclin'd with melting fond delight,
 Within a stranger's arms.

Wild frenzy fires his frantic hand,
 Distracted at the sight,
 He flies to where the lovers stand,
 And stabs the stranger Knight.

“ Die traitor, die, thy guilty flames
 “ Demand th' avenging steel”—
 “ It is my brother, she exclaims,
 “ 'Tis EDWY—Oh farewell !

An aged peasant, EDWY's guide,
 The good old ARDOLPH sought ;
 He told him that his bosom's pride,
 His EDWY, he had brought.

O how the father's feelings melt !
 How faint, and how revive !
 Just so the Hebrew Patriarch felt,
 To find his son alive.

“ Let me behold my darling’s face,
 “ And blefs him ere I die !
 Then with a swift and vigorous pace,
 He to the Bower did hie.

O sad reverse !—Sunk on the ground,
 His slaughter’d fon he view’d,
 And dying BIRTHA close he found
 In brother’s blood imbru’d.

Cold, speechless, senseless ELDRED near
 Gaz’d on the dead he’d done ;
 Like the blank statue of *Despair*,
 Or *Madness* grav’d in stone.

The father saw—so Jephthah flood,
 So turn’d his woe-fraught eye,
 When the dear, destin’d child he view’d,
 His zeal had doom’d to die.

He look’d the woe he could not speak,
 And on the pale corse prest
 His wan, discolour’d, dying cheek,
 And silent, sunk to rest.

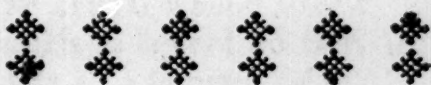
Then BIRTHA faintly rais’d her eye,
 Which long had ceas’d to stream,
 On ELDRED fix’d with many a sigh
 Its dim, departing beam.

The cold, cold dews of hastening death
 Upon her pale face stand ;
 And quick and short her failing breath,
 And tremulous her hand.

The cold, cold dews of hastening death,
The dim, departing eye,
The quivering hand, the short quick breath
He view'd—and did not die.

He saw her spirit mount in air,
Its kindred skies to seek !
His heart its anguish could not bear,
And yet it would not break.

The mournful Muse forbears to tell
How wretched ELDRED died :
She draws the Grecian* Painter's veil,
The vast distress to hide.



Yet Heaven's decrees are just and wise,
And man is born to bear,
Joy is the portion of the skies,
Beneath them, all is care.

* In the celebrated Picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Timanthes having exhausted every image of grief in the by-standers, threw a veil over the face of the father, whose sorrow he was utterly unable to express.
PLIN. Book xxxv

T H E E N D.

The cold, cold jaws of halting death,
The dim, departing eye,
The quivering hand, the throbbing pulse,
He view'd—and did not die.

He saw her spirit move in air,
His kindred flesh to seek!
His heart its anguish could not bear,
And yet it would not break.

The momentary Mute forbears to tell
How wretched Eliza died:
She draws the Curtain, Timon's veil,
The sad details to hide.



Yet Heaven's decrees are just and wise,
And man is born to bear;
Joy is the portion of the wise,
Beneath them, all is care.

* In the celebrated Picture of the Sacrifice of Ish-
mael, Timonides having exhibited every image of grief
in the py-landers, drew a veil over the face of the
father, whose sorrow he was utterly unable to express.
Linn. Book xxxv

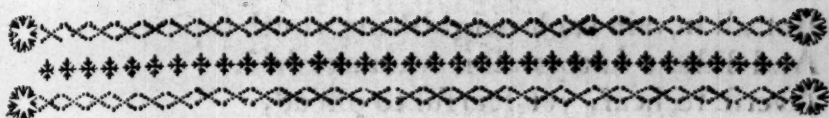
T H E E N D



T H E
BLEEDING ROCK:
A
LEGENDARY TALE.

———The annual wound allur'd
The Syrien damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. MILTON.





T H E
B L E E D I N G R O C K :
A
L E G E N D A R Y T A L E .

WHERE beauteous *Belmont* rears its modest brow,
To view *Sabrina's* silver waves below,
Liv'd *LYNDAMIRA* ; fair as Beauty's Queen,
The same sweet form, the same enchanting mein,
With all that softer elegance of mind
By genius heighten'd, and by taste refin'd.
Yet yearly was she doom'd the child of care,
For love, ill-fated love subdu'd the fair.
Ah ! what avails each captivating grace,
The form enchanting, or the finish'd face ;
Or what each beauty on the heaven-born mind,
The soul superior or the taste refin'd ?
Beauty but serves destruction to insure,
And *sense*, to feel the pang it cannot cure,

Q

Each neighb'ring youth aspir'd to gain her hand,
 And many a suitor came from many a land,
 But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aspir'd,
 And distant suitors all in vain admir'd.
 Averse to hear, yet fearful to offend,
 The lover she refus'd she made a friend :
 Her meek rejection wore so mild a face,
 More like acceptance seem'd it than disgrace.

Young POLYDORE, the pride of rural swains,
 Was wont to visit *Belmont's* blooming plains.
 Who has not heard how *Polydore* cou'd throw
 Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe ?
 How leave the swiftest at the race behind,
 How mount the courser, and outstrip the wind ?
 With melting sweetness, or with magic fire,
 Breathe the soft flute, or strike the louder lyre ?
 From that fam'd lyre no vulgar music sprung,
 The Graces tun'd it and Apollo strung.

Apollo too was once a shepherd swain,
 And fed the flock, and grac'd the rustic plain,
 He taught what charms to rural life belong,
 The social sweetness, and the sylvan song :
 He taught fair Wisdom in her grove to woo,
 Her joys how precious and her wants how few !
 The savage herds in mute attention stood,
 And ravish'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood :
 The sacred Sisters, stooping from their sphere,
 Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear.
 Till Heaven the scene survey'd with jealous eyes
 And Jove in envy, call'd him to the skies.

Young *Polydore* was rich in large domains,
 In smiling pastures, and in flowery plains :
 With these, he boasted each exterior charm,
 To win the prudent, and the cold to warm ;

To act the tenderness he never felt,
 In sorrow soften, and in anguish melt.
 The sigh elaborate, the fraudulent tear,
 The joy disssembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
 All these were his ; and his the treacherous art
 That steals the guileless and unpractis'd heart.

Too soon he heard of *Lindamira's* fame,
 'Twas each enamour'd Shepherd's fav'rite theme :
 Return'd the rising, and the setting sun,
 The Shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
 They prais'd her wit, her worth, her shape, her air !
 And even inferior beauties thought her fair.

Such sweet perfection all his wonder mov'd ;
 He saw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd :
 But *Polydore* no real passion knew,
 Lost all to truth in feigning to be true.
 No sense of tenderness could warm a heart,
 Too proud to feel, too selfish to impart.

Cold as the snows of *Rhodope* descend,
 And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend ;
 So cold the breast where *Vanity* presides,
 And mean self-love the bosom-feelings guides,

Too well he knew to make his conquest sure,
 Win her soft heart, yet keep his own secure.
 So oft he told the well imagin'd tale,
 So oft he swore—how shou'd he not prevail ?
 Too unsuspecting not to be deceiv'd,
 The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd ;
 She lov'd the youth, she thought herself belov'd,
 Nor blush'd to praise whom every maid approv'd.

Alas ! that youth from *Lindamira* far
 For newer conquests wages cruel war ;
 With other nymphs on other plains he roams,
 Where injur'd *Lindamira* never comes ;
 Laughs at her easy faith, insults her woe,
 Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.

And now her eye's soft radiance seem'd to fail,
 And now the crimson of her cheek grew pale ;
 'The lilly there, in faded beauty, shews
 Its sickly empire o'er the vanquish'd rose.
 Devouring sorrow marks her for his prey,
 And slow and certain mines his silent way.
 Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
 Increasing strength sustain'd her firmer mind.
 " O had my heart, been hard as his," she cried,
 " An hapless victim thus I had not died ;
 " If there be gods, and gods there surely are,
 " Insulted virtue doubtless is their care.
 " Then hasten righteous Heaven ! my tedious fate,
 " Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date :
 " Quick let your power transform this failing frame,
 " Let me be any thing but what I am !
 " And since the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
 " Proceed, alas ! from having lov'd too well ;
 " Grant me some form where love can have no part,
 " Nor human weakness reach my guarded heart.
 " If pity has not left your blest abodes,
 " Change me to flinty adamant, ye Gods ;
 " To hardest rock, or monumental stone,
 " Rather than let me know the pangs I've known,
 " So shall I thus no farther torments prove,
 " Nor taunting rivals say, ' she died for love.'
 " For sure if aught can aggravate our fate,
 " 'Tis scorn, or pity from the breast we hate."
 She said,—the Gods accord the sad request ;
 For when were pious pray'rs in vain address'd ?

Now, strange to tell ! if rural folks say true,
 To harden'd Rock the stiffening damsel grew ;
 No more her shapeless features can be known,
 Stone is her body, and her limbs are stone ;
 The growing rock invades her beauteous face,
 And quickly petrifies each living grace ;
 The stone her stature nor her shape retains,
 The nymph is vanish'd, but the Rock remains.
 Yet wou'd her heart its vital spirits keep,
 And scorn to mingle with the marble heap.

When babbling Fame the fatal tidings bore,
 Grief seiz'd the soul of perjur'd *Polydore* ;
 Despair and horror rob'd his soul of rest,
 And deep compunction wrung his tortur'd breast,
 Then to the fatal spot in haste he hied,
 And plung'd a deadly poniard in his side :
 He bent his dying eyes upon the stone,
 And, " Take sweet maid," he cried, " my parting
 groan."

Fainting, the steel he grasp'd, and as he fell,
 The weapon pierc'd the Rock he lov'd so well ;
 The guiltless steel assail'd the mortal part,
 And stabb'd the vital, vulnerable heart.
 The life-blood issuing from the wounded stone,
 Blends with the crimson current of his own,
 And tho' revolving ages since have past,
 The meeting torrents undiminish'd last ;
 Still gushes out the sanguine stream amain,
 The standing wonder of the stranger swain.

Now once a year, so rustic records tell,
 When o'er the heath resounds the midnight bell ;
 On eve of Midsummer that foe to sleep,
 What time young maids their annual vigils keep,

The † tell-tale shrub fresh gather'd to declare
 The swains who false, from those who constant are;
 When ghosts in clanking chains the church-yard walk,
 And to the wondering ear of fancy talk:
 When the fear'd maid steals trembling thro' the grove,
 To kiss the tomb of him who died for love;
 When with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppress,
 Steals broken pauses of uncertain rest;
 Nay *Grief* short snatches of repose can take,
 And nothing but *Despair* is quite awake,
 Then, at that hour, so still, so full of fear,
 When all things horrible to thought appear,
 Is perjur'd *Polydore* observ'd to rove
 A ghastly spectre thro' the gloomy grove;
 Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding Rock* repair,
 Where sadly fighting, it dissolves to air.

Still when the hour of solemn rites return,
 The village train in sad procession mourn;
 Pluck every weed which might the spot disgrace,
 And plant the fairest field flow'rs in their place.
 Around no noxious plant, or floweret grows,
 But the first daffodil, and earliest rose:
 The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
 And golden cowslips grace the vernal year;
 Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,
 And every violet boasts a brighter blue.
 Here builds the woodlark, here the faithful dove
 Laments her lost, or wooes her living love.
 Secure from harm is every hallowed nest,
 The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.

† Midsummer-men, consulted as oracles by village maids

To guard the Rock from each maligaant sprite
 A troop of guardian spirits watch by night
 Aloft in air each takes his little stand,
 The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land*.*

* By contraction *Failand*, a hill well known in Somersetshire; not far from this is *The Bleeding Rock*, from which constantly issues a crimson current.

T H E E N D.

From the South Sea and the Pacific
a group of islands, with the
name of the South Sea Islands
and the name of the Pacific Islands.

By the name of the South Sea Islands
and the name of the Pacific Islands
the name of the South Sea Islands
and the name of the Pacific Islands.

The name of the South Sea Islands
and the name of the Pacific Islands
the name of the South Sea Islands
and the name of the Pacific Islands.

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LUCY AND COLIN.

—was written by Thomas Tickel, Esq; the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison and editor of his works. He was son of a Clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's college Oxon, was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Cragge, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond written while he was at the University.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love, and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lilly pale,
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd the flow consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains,
Take heed ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows
Ye perjur'd swains beware.

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew,
The solemn boding sound ;
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round,

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
“ Which says I must not stay :
“ I see a hand, you cannot see,
“ Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart, and broken vows,
“ In early youth I die.
“ Am I to blame, because his bride
“ Is thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah Colin ! give her not thy vows ;
“ Vows due to me alone ;
“ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
“ Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-morrow in the church to wed,
 “ Impatient, both prepare ;
 “ But know, fond maid, and know, false man
 “ That Lucy will be there.

“ Then bear my corse : ye comrades, bear,
 “ The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 “ He in his wedding trim so gay,
 “ I in my winding sheet.”

She spoke, she dy'd ;—her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her wedding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
 How were those nuptials kept ?
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

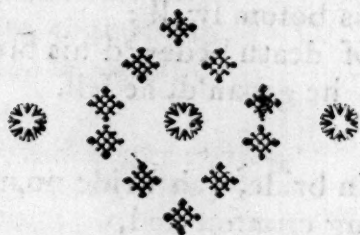
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

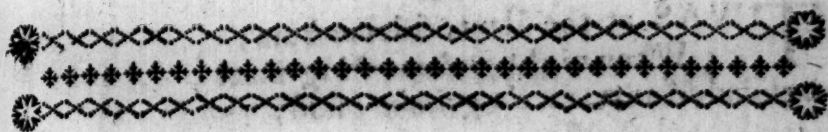
From the vain bride, (ah bride no more)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen ;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
 They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.





W I L L I A M
A N D
M A R G A R E T.*



* *In a comedy of Fletcher, call'd The Knight of the burning pestle, old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verses :*

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came *Margaret's* grimly ghost,
And stood at *William's* feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote ; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy : and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem ; which was written many years ago.

R

I.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghost,
And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud :
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held her fable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That tips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But Love, had like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy Pity hear the maid,
Thy Love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yauning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath :
And give me back my maiden-vow
And give me back my troth.

XI.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI.

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witlefs maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

XII.

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is ;
 This winding sheet I wear :
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

XIV

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
 A long and late adien !
 Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
 Who dy'd for love of you.

XV

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
 With beams of rosy red :
 Pale *William* quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.

XVI

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where *Margaret's* body lay :
 And stretch'd him on the green grafs turf,
 That wrap'd her breathless clay.

XVII

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* name,
 And thrice he wept full sore :
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more !



E D W I N

A N D

E M M A.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous *Emma* flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lilly deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair ;
 And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

Till *Edwin* came the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art :
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too reveal'd :
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss,
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a fordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd ;
 Then with a father's frown at last,
 He sternly disapprov'd.

In *Edwin's* gentle heart, a war
 Of different passions strove :
 His heart that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind,
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance to mark the spot
Where *Emma* walk'd and wept.

Oft too on *Stanemore's* wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And wearied heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past ! he cry'd——but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she !
Forbade what *Emma* came to say ;
“ My *Edwin* live for me.”

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
The chuntyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appal'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale——
When lo! the death bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door:
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel face no more!

I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
Beat high against my side——
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.



THE
HERMIT.

A

BALLAD.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way,
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow ;
“ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
“ Seem lengthening as I go.”

“ Forbear my son,” the hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dang’rous gloom ;
“ For yonder faithless phantom flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want,
 “ My door is open still ;
 “ And tho’ my portion is but scant;
 “ I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 “ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
 “ My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 “ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
 “ To slaughter I condemn :
 “ Taught by that power that pities me,
 “ I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
 “ A guiltless feast I bring ;
 “ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 “ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 “ All earth-born cares are wrong :
 “ Man wants but little here below,
 “ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And stranger’s led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir’d a master’s care ;
 The wicket op’ning with a latch,
 Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penfive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil'd ;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hour beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd :
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
" Reluctant dost thou rove :
" Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
" Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
" Are trifling and decay ;
" And those who prize the paltry things,
" More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
" A charm that lulls to sleep ;
" A shade that follows wealth or fame,
" And leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
 “ The modern fair one’s jest :
 “ On earth unseen, or only found,
 “ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 “ And spurn the sex,” he said :
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view ;
 Like colours o’er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms :
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 “ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d ;
 “ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
 “ Whom love has taught to stray ;
 “ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 “ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 “ A wealthy lord was he ;
 “ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 “ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
 “ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
 “ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 “ And felt, or feign’d a flame.

- " Each hour a mercenary croud
 " With richest proffers strove :
 " Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 " But never talk'd of love.
- " In humble, simplest habit clad,
 " No wealth or pow'r had he ;
 " Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 " But these were all to me.
- " The blossom op'ning to the day,
 " The dews of heav'n refin'd,
 " Could nought of purity display,
 " To emulate his mind.
- " The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine ;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.
- " For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain ;
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 " I triumph'd in his pain.
- " 'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride ;
 " And sought a solitude forlorn,
 " In secret, where he dy'd.
- " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay ;
 " I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 " And stretch me where he lay.
- " And there, forlorn, despairing hid,
 " I'll lay me down and die !
 " 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 " And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heav'n !" the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
 The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 " My charmer, turn to see
 " Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 " Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 " And ev'ry care resign :
 " And shall we never, never part,
 " My life——my all that's mine.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
 " We'll live and love so true,
 " The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 " Shall break thy Edwin's too.

THE
TRAVELLER;

OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

A
POEM.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE AVAIL

PROFIT

OF

DR. GOLD



THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY



REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

* * In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed it from the ninth, which was the last edition published in the lifetime of the author.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian fairs attend ;
 Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair .
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care :
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies ;
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glitt'ring towns with wealth and splendor crown'd,
 Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round,

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine ;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
 Thus to my breast alternates passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heav'n to man supplies :
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn-soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct when all pretend to know ?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is, at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations make their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;

With food as well the peasant is supply'd
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
 And though the rocky crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
 Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence ev'ry state to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
 Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right where Appennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives that blossom but to die ;

These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
 Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
 Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
 And ev'n in penance planning sins anew,
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state ;
 At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies ;
 The canvass glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail :
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade ;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child ;

Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey,
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swifs their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
 No zeyhyr fondly fues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasants hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous plough-share to the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracts mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
 And ev'n those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his shed conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till buried in debauch, the bliss expires.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
 For, as refinement stops, from fire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more culter'd walks, and charm the way,
 These far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
 Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandfire skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frik'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;

From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength and thought.
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frize with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weigh the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward me thinks, and diligently slow
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
 The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And iduſtry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
 With all thoſe illſ ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
 Are here diſplay'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
 But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
 Ev'n liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
 At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys:
 A land of Tyrant's and a den of ſlaves,
 Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound my genius ſpreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
 Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter ſtreams than ſam'd Hydaspis glide,
 There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
 There gentleſt muſic melts on ev'ry ſpray;
 Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the maſter's mind!
 Stern o'er each bosom reaſon holds her ſtate
 With daring aims irregularly great,
 Pride in their port defiance in their eye,
 I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
 Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd freſh from Nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While ev'n the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
 And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd ev'n by Freedom ills annoy ;
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
 The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the gen'ral system feels
 Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
 Till time may come when stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrought for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
 Ye pow'rs of truth that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flow'r alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fust'ring sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure :
 For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil ;

And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it Freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlet's rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the dutious son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Nagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dang'rous ways ;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his wo,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind :
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows ?
 In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
 Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

For'd from their homes, a scattered multitude,
To travel o'er the wide and westerly main,
Where wild Otago's fertile lands are found,
And where the sun with shining beams is crown'd.

It is now possible, as they have begun to say,
Through these fertile lands and through many towns,
Where there is now a new and happy land,
And the people are now with peace and joy,
I have made these the signs of my way,
And all around the fertile land I see,
The fertile lands of Otago, which are now,
To stop too long, and to go on no more,
Call a long look over the land, and see,
And the people are now with peace and joy.

What new way, my friends, is now to be,
That this which only comes to the mind,
If we have a heart, a heart that is true,
To seek a good and a happy land,
In every government, though it be true,
Though there is now, or there is no more,
How shall it be, if there is now, or there is no more,
The part which is now, or there is no more,
To be a part of the whole, or there is no more,
Our country is now, or there is no more,
Which is the most of the whole, or there is no more,
The most of the whole, or there is no more,
To be a part of the whole, or there is no more,
The most of the whole, or there is no more,

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE,

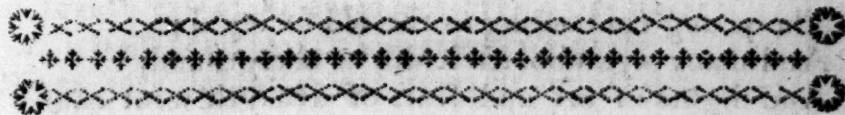
A
P O E M.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

DESERTED VILLAGE

P O E M

THE GOLDEN H



T H E

DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a paltime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd ;
 And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
 And flights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove,
 These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please ;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all the green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints the smiling plain ;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choak'd with sedges, works it weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvar'y'd cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;

inces and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them as a breath has made :
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's grief began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But time's are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlet's rose,
 Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose ;
 And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew.
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His Heav'n commences ere the world be past;

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I pass with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

For now the sounds of population fail,
 No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden-smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild:
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place,
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain,
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their wo;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was lay'd,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway.
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
'T'heir welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:

A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could guage :
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For e'en tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
 The parlour splendors of that festive place ;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor.
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day ;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flow'rs and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found,
 Careful to see the mantling blifs go round ;
 Nor the coy-maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train,
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
 The soul adopts and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd,
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere trisler's half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrustful asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
 Tis your's to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and an happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from the shore :
 Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name,
 'That leaves our useful product still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
 'Takes up a space that many poor supply'd ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage and hounds ;
 'The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth,
 His seat where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign.
 Slight's ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail.
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 'The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden; and a grave.

Where then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contagious pride ?

If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts—Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all: her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene;
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornada flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from ev'ry former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
 Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main;
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave,
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose ;
 And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by heav'n's decree,
 How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
 At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank and unwieldy wo ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
 Down, down they sink and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there ;
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crouds, my solitary pride.

Thou source of all my blifs, and all my wo,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue fare thee well,
 Farewel, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime:
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain,
 Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
 Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 And ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependant pow'r can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

I have been thinking of you very much lately,
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately,
 but I have managed to find some time
 to write you a few lines.
 I have been thinking of you very much lately,
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately,
 but I have managed to find some time
 to write you a few lines.

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A
POETIC EPISTLE,

TO
L O R D C L A R E.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXV.



HAUNCHENSON

POLITICAL

LORD OF THE

IN THE COURT OF

RECEIVED



T H E
HAUCH OF VENISON,
A
P O E T I C E P I S T L E,
T O
L O R D C L A R E.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painter's to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy,
Tho' my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help re-
gretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts in my chamber to set it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtu;

As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :
 But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
 'Thistale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr Burn,*
 To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch ;
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynold's undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monro's :
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the
 when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love venison, I know they love beef,
 'There's my countryman Higgins—Oh ! let him alone,
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles, wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd ;
 An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
 What have we got here ?—Why this is good eating !
 Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting ?

* Lord Clares nephew.

Why whose should it be? cried I, with a flounce,
 I get these things often;—but that was a bounce:
 Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.

If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,
 I'm glad, I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
 No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
 We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be
 there,

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
 And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
 We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
 What say you—a patty, it shall, and it must,
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
 No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!
 Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And “nobody with me at sea but myself;”
 Tho' I could not help thinking my gentlemen hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison patty,
 Were things that I never disliked in my life,
 Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine:)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
 dumb,
 With tidings that Johnson, and Burke would not come,

* See the letters that passed between his royal highness Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Grosvenor—
 1769.

For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thralc?
 But no matter I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a-Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They both of them merry and authors like you ;
 The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;
 Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen ;
 At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made hot ;
 In the middle a place where the patty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue,
 And, madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
 But I've eat of yout tripe till I'm ready to burst.
 The tripe, quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
 I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week :
 I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
 But your friend there the doctor, eats nothing at all.
 O—oh ! quoth my friend, he'll come on in a trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 There's a patty !—a patty ! repeated the Jew :
 I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.
 What the deil, mon, a patty ! re-echo'd the Scot ;
 Though splitting I'll still keep a corner for that.
 We'll all keep a corner, the lady cried out ;
 We'll all keep a corner was echo'd about.

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtain by night.
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her ?
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker :
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
 Had shut out the pasty in shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
 You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
 At least, it's your temper as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION:

A

P O E M.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

FIRST PRINTED IN M,DCC,LXXIV.

AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house.—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting, produced the following poem.



RETALIATION:

A

P O E M.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united;

If our* landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our † dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our ‡ Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

* The master of the St. James' coffee-house where the doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

† Doctor Barnard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

‡ Mr Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this Kingdom.

Our § Will shall be wild fowl. of excellent flavour,
 And || Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savour :
 Our * Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And † Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our ‡ Garrick's a fallad, for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltnefs agree :
 To make out the dinner full certain I am,
 That § Ridge is anchovy, and || Reynolds is lamb ;
 That ¶ Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?

§ Mr William Burke, late secretary to general Conway, and member for Bedwin.

|| Mr Richard Burke, collector of Granada.

* Mr Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

† Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a *citizen of the world*, than a *sound critic*, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen ; particular Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *history of the Popes*,

‡ David Garrick, esq; joint patentee, and acting manager of the Theatre-royal, Drury lane.

§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar ; the relish of whose conversation was justly compared to an anchovy.

|| Sir Joshua Reynolds, president of the Royal Academy.

¶ An eminent attorney,

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table;
 'Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good † dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good ‡ Edmund, whose genius was
 such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe narrow'd his mind.
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat.
 To persuade § Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of
 dining;
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

† Vide page 239.

‡ Vide page 239.

§ Mr T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch.

Here lies honest † William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
in't ;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
own.

Here lies honest Richard whose fate I must sigh at ;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim ;
‡ Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ?
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
In short so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old nick ;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here § Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless his woman divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine ;

† Vide page 240.

‡ Mr Richard Burke ; vide page 240. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

§ Vide page 240.

Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ;
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew for himself ?

Here ¶ Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
 clines,

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our † Dodds shall be pious, our ‡ Kenricks shall
 lecture ;

§ Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our ¶ Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
 New ¶ Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over.
 No countrymen living their tricks to discover ;

¶ Vide page 240.

† The Rev. Dr Dodd.

‡ Mr Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil
 tavern, under the title of ' The School of Shakespeare '

§ James Macpherson, esq; who lately, from the *mere*
force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all anti-
 quity.

¶ Vide page 241

¶ Vide page 241.

Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies * David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man ;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he vary'd full ten times a-day :
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye † Kenricks, ye ‡ Kellys, and § Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got what you
gave ?
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was berescius'd, and you were beprais'd ?

* Vide page 240.

† Vide page 243

‡ Mr Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the wife, Clementina, School for wives, &c.

§ Mr William Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with
 love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his † Kellys above.

Here ‡ Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good nature :
 He cherish'd his friend and he relish'd a bumper ;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser .
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go.
 And so was too foolishly honest ? ah no !
 Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and burn ye, —
 He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here § Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser, or better behind ;
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :

† Vide page 244.

‡ Vide page 243

§ Ibid.

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly sneering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
 hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and
 stuff,
 He shifted his † trumpet, and only took snuff.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to
 be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in com-
 pany.

A
P O E T I C A L
E P I S T L E,
From DR. C U M B E R L A N D
To DR. G O L D S M I T H,
Or, S U P P L E M E N T *to his*
R E T A L I A T I O N.

DOCTOR! according to your wishes,
You've character'd us all in *dishes*,
Serv'd up a sentimental treat
Of various emblematic meat :
And now it's time, I trust, you think,
Your company should have some *drink* ;
Else, take my word for it, at least,
Your *Irish* friends won't like your feast.
Ring then, and see that there is plac'd
To each according to his taste.

To *Douglas*, fraught with learn'd stock
Of critic *Lore*, give ancient *Hock* ;

Let it be genuine, bright and, fine,
 Pure unadulterated wine ;
 For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
 He'll search it as he search'd out *Lauder*.

To *Johnson*, philosophic sage,
 The moral *Mentor* of the age,
 Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
 With melting heart, but look austere,
 Give liquor of an honest sort,
 And crown his cup with priestly *Port* !

Now fill the glass with gay *Champagne*,
 And frisk it in a livelier strain ;
 Quick ! Quick ! the sparkling nectar quaff,
 Drink it, dear *Garrick* !—drink, and laugh !

Pour forth to *Reynolds*, without stint,
 Rich *Burgundy*, of ruby tint ;
 If e'er his colours chance to fade,
 This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
 With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
 And warm the bosoms of the *Graces*.

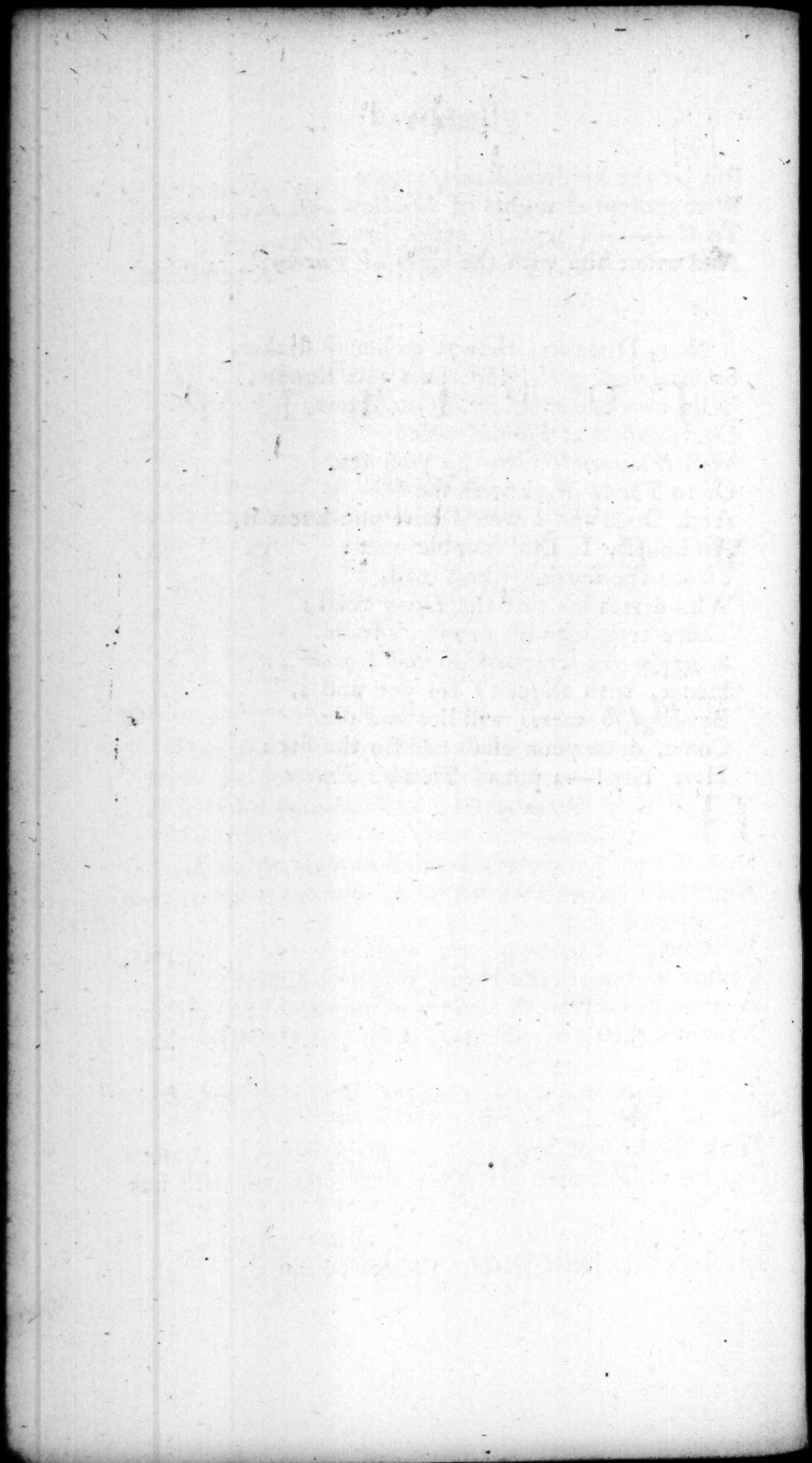
To *Burke* a pure libation bring,
 Fresh drawn from clear *Castalian* spring ;
 With civic oak the goblet blind,
 Fit emblem of his patriot mind ;
 Let *Clio* as his taster, sip,
 And *Hermes* hand it to his lip.

Fill out my friend, the *D**** of *D****,
 A bumper of conventual *Sherry*.

Give *Ridge* and *Hi—ky*, generous souls !
 Of *whisky punch* convivial bowls ;

But let the kindred *Burkes* regale
 With potent draughts of *Wicklow Ale* ;
 To *C——k* next, in order turn you,
 And grace him with the vines of *Furney* !

Now, DOCTOR, thou'rt an honest flicker,
 So take your glass, and chuse your liquor ;
 Wilt have it steep'd in *Alpine* snows,
 Or damask'd at *Silinas'* nose ?
 Will *Wakefield's* Vicar sip your tea,
 Or to *Thalia* drink with me ?
 And, DOCTOR, I wou'd have you know it,
 An honest, I, tho' humble poet :
 I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
 Who drives his cart the *Dover* road ;
 There traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of *French brocade* ;
 Hence, with all such ! for you and I,
 By *English wares* will live and die.
 Come, draw your chair and stir the fire :
 Here, boy !—a pot of *Thrale's Entire* !





J U P I T E R,

A N D

M E R C U R Y.

A F A B L E.

Written some time since by D. G——, Esq.

H E R E *Hermes*, says *Jove* who with nectar was
mellow,
Go fetch me some clay--I will make an *odd fellow* :
Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold, and
some dross :
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross;
Be sure as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth ; yet a mind turn'd to fictions ;
Now mix these ingredients, which warm'd in the bak-
ing,
Turn to *Learning*, and *Gaming*, *Religion*, and *Rak-*
ing,
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste ;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine
taste,
That the Rake and the Poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail :

For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it :
 This *Scholar, Rake, Christian, Dupe, Gamester, and*
Poet,

Thro' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
 And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH his
 name !

When on earth this strange meteor, no more shall
 appear,

You *Hermes* shall fetch him,—to make us sport *here* !



The following Jeu d'Esprit, is the production of the present DEAN of DERRY. Dr Barnard, who advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other wits, that he thought "no man could improve when he was past the age of forty five." Johnson (Samuel) who was in company, with his usual elegance and polished graces, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him that he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean) and wished he'd set about it; upon which, the Dean the next day sent the following elegant bagatelle to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the same company.

T O

h

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

And Co. by the

DEAN OF DERRY.

I LATELY thought no man alive,
 Could e'er improve past forty-five,
 And ventur'd to assert it;
 The observation was not new,
 But seem'd to me so just and true,
 That none could controvert it.

"No, Sir," says Johnson, "'tis not so,
That's your mistake, and I can shew,
" An instance if you doubt it ;
" You Sir, who are near forty-eight,
" May much improve, 'tis not too late,
" I wish you'd set about it,"

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
Which way I should apply it ;
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach ?
And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come my friends, and try your skill,
You can inform me if you will,
(My books are at a distance)
With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Instead of books, I shall read men,
So lend me your assistance.

Dear † Knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
And smile serene like thine ;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation ;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine,
By constant application.

The art of pleasing, teach me *Garrick*,
 'Thou†, who reverest odes Pindaric,
 A second time read o'er ;
 Oh ! cou'd we read thee backwards too,
 Last thirty years thou should'st review,
 And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em
Gibbons shall teach me how to dress 'em
 In terms select and terse ;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, *Burke* how to speak,
 And *Beauclerc* to converse.

Let *Johnson* teach me how to place,
 In fairest light each borrow'd grace ?
 From him I'll learn to write ;
 Copy his clear familiar style,
 And from the roughness of his file,
 Grow like himself—polite

† Mr Garrick being asked to read Mr Cumberland's Odes, laughed immoderately, and affirmed, that such stuff might as well be read backwards as forwards ; and the witty Roscius accordingly read them in that manner, and wonderful to relate ! produced the same good sense and poetry as the sentimental author ever had genius to write.

1853

The art of blending, as it is called, is a very important part of the art of the painter. It is the art of making the colors of the picture blend together so that they appear as if they were one color. This is done by mixing the colors together in the right proportions. The artist must have a good knowledge of the properties of the colors, and must be able to mix them in the right proportions. This is a very difficult art, and it is one that requires a great deal of practice and experience.

It is also important to know the properties of the colors. For example, the color red is made up of the colors orange and purple. The color blue is made up of the colors green and red. The color yellow is made up of the colors orange and green. The color black is made up of the colors red, green, and blue. The color white is made up of the colors red, green, and blue. The artist must know these properties, and must be able to mix the colors in the right proportions. This is a very difficult art, and it is one that requires a great deal of practice and experience.

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D O R I N D A,

A

T O W N E C L O G U E.

By Mr. F I T Z P A T R I C K.

IN that sad season when the hapless belle
 With steps reluctant bids the town farewell :
 When surly husbands doom th' unwilling fair
 To quit St. James's for a purer air,
 And, deaf to pity, from their much lov'd town
 Relentless bear the beauteous exiles down
 To dismal shades, through lonely groves to stray,
 And sigh the summer livelong months away ;
 With all the bloom of youth and beauty grac'd,
 One morn DORINDA, at her toilet plac'd,
 With looks intent and pensive air survey'd
 The various charms her faithful glass display'd ;
 Eyes, that might warm the frozen breast of age,
 Or melt to tenderness the tyrants rage ;

Smiles, that enchanting with resistless art,
 Stole unperceiv'd the heedless gazer's heart ;
 Dimples, where love conceal'd in ambush lay,
 To aim his arrows at the destin'd prey ;
 And lips that promis'd in each balmy kiss
 Luxurious harvest of ambrosial bliss.
 Musing she sat, and watch'd each rising grace
 That shed its lustre o'er her heav'nly face,
 'Till lab'ring grief her anxious silence broke,
 And sighing thus the lovely mourner spoke :
 Were charms like these by erring nature meant
 For sober solitude and calm content ?
 Must eyes so bright be doom'd to waste their fires
 On hungry parsons and unfeeling squires ;
 Heav'n, whose decrees (if true what priests have taught)
 Are fram'd by justice and with wisdom fraught,
 Sure ne'er created such a form as this
 For the dull purpose of domestic bliss.
 Ah ! no, these eyes were giv'n in courts to shine ;
 Shall impious man then thwart the wise design ?
 A short-liv'd sway of some few years at most
 Is all, alas ! the brightest belle can boast
 Ere yet the hand of all-devouring time
 Lay waste her graces, and destroy her prime :
 By slow degrees she feels her pow'r decay,
 And younger beauties bear the palm away.
 Whilst envious fate thus hastens to destroy
 The fleeting period of all female joy,
 Shall barb'rous husbands (whose tyrannic rage
 Nor pray'rs can mitigate, nor tears assuage)
 E'en in those years while youth and beauty bloom,
 To exile half her precious moments doom ?
 She goes like some neglected flow'r to fade,
 And waste her sweetness in the lonely shade,
 'Till winter (so the pitying gods decree)
 Returning sets th' impatient captive free :
 'Then swift emerging from the dull retreat,
 To town she flies, admiring crowds to meet ;

Her happy hours glide on from morn to night,
 One ceaseless round of exquisite delight :
 Balls, op'ras, concerts, *Almacks*, and Soho,
 By turns attended, various joys bestow :
 E'en crowded routs, where dullness ever dwells,
 Can yield delight to fashionable belles.
 Old maids and prudes each night, to feed their spleen,
 There, seeking whom they may devour, are seen,
 And, still repining that they must be chaste,
 Would mar those pleasures they're forbid to taste ;
 With envious eyes the brilliant nymph they view,
 Whilst eager crowds where'er she moves pursue.
 If to the play-house she by chance repair,
 (Not oft frequented by the well-bred fair)
 When through the house a solemn silence reigns,
 Each bosom feeling what the actor feigns,
 E'en in the midst of some affecting part,
 That wakes each soft emotion of the heart,
 The doors fly open whilst the pit beneath
 Their discontent in sullen murmurs breathe :
 Forward she steps with graceful air, and spreads
 A blaze of beauty o'er their wond'ring heads :
 Pit, boxes, gall'ries, all at once concur,
 Forget the play, and fix their eyes on her.
 Scarce to the stage she turns her high-plum'd head,
 Or seems to mark one syllable that's said ;
 But careless sits, and on her arm reclin'd
 Hears civil speeches from the beaux behind ;
 Or gently listens while some well-dress'd youth
 In whisper'd accents vows eternal truth.
 Obedient still to pleasure's sprightly call
 She quits the play, and seeks the livelier ball :
 Each white-glov'd beau with haste his suit prefers,
 Presents his hand, and humbly begs for hers.
 Well pleas'd she hears the suppliant croud intreat,
 And feels the triumph of her charms complete.
 Should some blest youth be to the rest prefer'd,
 Whose vows in private are with favour heard,

As through the dance with graceful ease she moves,
 Their meeting hands express their conscious loves.
 Malicious eyes the lover's looks restrain,
 And cold discretion seals his lips in vain;
 The faithful hand can unobserv'd impart
 The secret feelings of a tender heart:
 And oh! what bliss, when each alike is pleas'd!
 The hand that squeezes, and the hand that squeez'd,
 But whither, whither does my fancy roam;
 Ah! let me call the idle wand'rer home.
 Already *Phæbus*, with unwelcome ray,
 Has chas'd, alas! the winter's fogs away;
 Through the sad town, at each deserted door,
 Less frequent now the footman's thunders roar,
 And waggons loading in the dusty street,
 Forebode the horrors of a long retreat.
 Ye sister sufferers, who must soon or late
 All share my sorrows, and partake my fate,
 Who, when condemn'd these blest abodes to quit,
 Like me may weep, but must like me submit,
 When overcome by man's superior force,
 Revenge is still the injur'd fair's resource:
 Revenge at least may make our sufferings less,
 A husband's anguish soothes a wife's distress,
 When far from town, in some sequester'd spot,
 You mourn the hardship of our sex's lot,
 Ill humour, vapours, fullness, and spleen,
 May add fresh horrors to the gloomy scene,
 And make the tyrants who contrive your fate
 Partake the misery themselves create.
 If, press'd by cares, they need a friend's relief,
 Be all your study to augment their grief;
 If pleas'd or gay, your utmost arts employ
 To sink their spirits and dispel their joy;
 Oppose their projects, cross their fav'rite views,
 Their wishes frustrate, their requests refuse;
 And make them feel that discontented wives
 Can prove the torment of their husband's lives.



V E R S E S

Sent to a Young L A D Y,

With the new Edition of SHAKESPEARE.

By the Right Hon. the Earl of CARLISLE.

POET of nature, thou whose boundless art
Describ'd each power that rules the throbbing
heart,

Feign'd all that love, that glory e'er inspir'd,
That warm'd a *Romeo*, or a *Percy* fir'd,
In love's sweet cause-be now thy magic try'd,
And charm with future scenes my destin'd bride !

Lo ! at thy call, fiends cross the blasted heath,
And rising spectres daunt the pale *Macbeth*,
Who doom'd by guilt his anxious eye to cast
O'er dim futurity's unravell'd waste,
On alien brows beheld his wrested crown,
Deplor'd the past, and saw the future frown !
Oh, once again these wond'rous spells prepare,
With milder visions point th' embodied air !

No more in caves let fires infernal glow,
 Nor call thy phantoms from the world below.
 In Laura's sight let Hymen's altar blaze,
 Let Cupids torch diffuse its brightest rays,
 Let smiling hours in festive circles dance,
 And white-rob'd priests to meet our steps advance ;
 In distant view be love's dear pledges shown,
 And all the long succession live our own !

So, round the favour'd tomb, thy hallow'd urn,
 May ev'ry muse her vestal incense burn !
 Still may those laureat brows their honours wear,
 Secure from critics, envy, and Voltaire !
 Still on the stage thou reard'st may Garrick stand,
 For Shakespeare's lyre obeys no other hand !
 Still sleep thy page near Laura's pillow plac'd,
 And future comments grace thee like the last !



The following LINES *were written upon*

MRS. C R E W E,

By the Honourable

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

W HERE the loveliest expression to features is
 join'd
 By nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;
 Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
 Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
 Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
 But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;
 Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
 Defences unequal to shield us from love :
 Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell !
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
 My heart is so fenc'd that for once I am wise,
 And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes ;
 That my wishes which never were bounded before,
 Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.—

Is't reason ? no; that my whole life will belye,
 For who so at variance as reason and I ?
 Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?
 Oh no ! for in this all the world must agree,
 One folly was never sufficient for me.
 Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd ?
 For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
 Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they
 strain,
 That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
 That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
 Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
 Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
 But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,
 I am still but too ready to feel them again.
 If then for this once in my life I am free,
 And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;
 'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms
 For tho' brightness may dazzle 'tis kindness that warms:
 As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
 But feel not the warmth though their splendour we
 praise,
 So beauty our just admiration may claim,
 But love, and love only the heart can inflame.

To her Grace the

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

In answer to all the absurd and illiberal aspersions cast on the fashionable feathers by churlish old women, ridiculous prudes, and brutish censors.

WIT is a feather : this we all admit :
 But sure each feather in your cap is wit :
 'Tis the best flight of genius—to improve
 The smiles of beauty and the blifs of love.
 Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,
 And raise the splendor of your charms divine ;
 Such plumes the worth of mighty conq'rors show,
 For who can conquer hearts so well as you ?
 When on your head I see these flutt'ring things,
 I think that Love is there, and claps his wings,
 Feathers help'd Jove to fan his am'rous flame ;
 Cupid has feathers ; angels wear the same.
 Since then from heav'n—its origin we trace,
 Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace.

R H A P S O D Y *on* T A S T E,

*On seeing the Duchess of Devonshire in full
Dress.*

By L O R D C _____

COME, thou goddess fair and free,
Whom the meek nymph, Simplicity,
To the son of Maia bore,
And nurs'd upon th' Athenian shore,
Then to thy fire her charge resign'd,
Who to such elegance of mind
Added, whatever polish'd ease
Could give, and all the arts to please :
Whether on Reynolds (beauty's friend)
Thou biddest every grace attend ;
Or smiling dost in sportive song
Hail the great guest of Kien-Long :*
Hither, various goddess, haste,
Boundless, inimitable taste,

* Sir William Chambers.

And save those charms from fashion's tawdry reign,
 Which Nature gave to Dev'n, and gave in vain—
 From her cumbrous forehead tear
 The architecture of her hair,
 But leave one snow-white plume to shew
 It faintly mocks the neck below—
 Snatch from her lips th' immodest guile
 Of affectation's constant smile,
 And on her cheek replace the rose,
 Which, pale and wan, no longer glows
 With all that beauty, youth, and love,
 Could copy from some saint above—
 Would she promise real blifs,
 Bid her seem but what she is :
 Or, if lovelier still she'd be,
 From Granby learn to worship thee.

Lincoln's-Inn New-square.

On W. Gibbons Esq^r being
made a Lord of Trade by
The R^t Honble Ch. Fox.

King George in a fright
lest Gibbons should write
The story of Britain's disgrace
His pen to secure
Thought no means so sure
As to give the Historian a place
His book well describes
How Corruption and Bribes
Destroy'd the great empire of Rome
And his writings declare
A degeneracy there
Which his conduct exhibits at home

X His caution was vain
For the curse of his reign
That his Projects ^{should} ~~shall~~ ^{be} ~~mean~~
That he wrote not a line
Of a cause of Decline
In the Author's example
we read



E L E G Y.

Written in the Garden of a Friend.

By W. M A S O N, A. M.

W H I L E o'er my head this laurel-woven bow'r
 Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
 Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful pow'r,
 That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?

No; if the blighting East deform'd the plain,
 If this gay bank no balmly sweets exhal'd,
 Still should the the grove re-echo to my strain,
 And friendship prompt the theme, where beauty
 fail'd.

For he, whose careless art this foilage drest,
 Who bad these twining braids of woodbine bend,
 He first with truth and virtue taught my breast
 Where best to chuse, and best to fix a friend.

How well does mem'ry note the golden day,
 What time reclin'd in Marg'ret's studious glade,
 My mimic reed first tun'd the * Dorian lay,
 " Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade !"

'Twas there we met : the muses hail'd the hour ;
 The same desires, the same ingenious arts
 Inspir'd us both : we own'd and bless'd the pow'r
 That join'd at once our studies and our hearts.

O ! since those days, when science spread the feast,
 When emulative youth its relish lent,
 Say has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast ?
 Enough : if joy was his, be mine content.

To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore ;
 He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name ;
 Much did he love the muse, but quiet more,
 And, tho' he might command, he slighted fame.

Hither in manhood's prime he wisely fled
 From all that folly, all that pride approves ;
 To this soft scene a tender partner led ;
 This laurel shade was witness to their loves.

" Begone (he cry'd) ambition's air-drawn plan ;
 " Hence with perplexing pomp's unwieldy wealth !
 " Let me not seem, but be the happy man,
 " Possess of love, of competence, and health."

Smiling he spake, nor did the fates withstand ;
 In rural arts the peaceful moments flew :
 Say, lovely lawn ! that felt his forming hand,
 How soon thy surface shone with verdure new :

* Musæus, the first poem which the author published, written while he was a scholar of St. college in Cambridge.

How soon obedient Flora brought her store,
 And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung :
 Vertumus came ; his earliest blooms he bore,
 And thy rich sides with waving purple hung :

Then to the sight he call'd yon stately spire,
 He pierc'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade.
 Bad yonder crouding hawthorns low retire,
 Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail, sylvan wonders, hail ! and hail the hand
 Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
 And taught one little acre to command
 Each envied happiness of scene and shade.

Is there a hill, whose distant azure bounds
 The ample range of Scarfsdale's proud domain,
 A mountain hoar, that yon' wild peak furrounds,
 But lends a willing beauty to thy plain ?

And, lo ! in yonder path, I spy my friend ;
 He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
 Mild † as the fabled form that whilom deign'd,
 At Milton's call, in Hartfield's haunts to rove.

Bless'd spirit, come ! tho' pent in mortal mould,
 I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name ;
 O come, a portion of thy bliss unfold,
 From folly's maze my wayward steps reclaim.

† See the description of the Genius of the Wood
 in Milton's Arcades,

For know by lot, from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower ;
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, &c.

Too long, alas! my inexperience'd youth,
 Misled by flatt'ring fortune's specious tale,
 Has left the rural reign of peace and truth,
 The huddling brook, cool cave, and whisp'ring vale.

Won to the world, a candidate for praise,
 Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
 Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
 Too much its vain applause has touch'd my heart:

But now e'er custom binds his powerful chains,
 Come from the base enchanter set me free,
 While yet my soul its first best taste retains,
 Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee.

Teach me, like thee, to muse on nature's page,
 To mark each wonder in creation's plan,
 Each mode of being trace, and humbly sage,
 Deduce from these the genuine powers of man.

Of man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,
 No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
 Before vain science led his taste astray;
 When conscience was his law, and God his guide.

This let me learn, and learning let me live
 The lesson o'er. From that great guide of truth
 O may my suppliant soul the boon receive.
 To tread thro' age the footsteps of thy youth.

Written in 1758.



MEDITATION:

A N

E L E G Y.

By H U G H K E L L Y.

WRAPT in the shade where Meditation lies,
And holds a mental intercourse above;
Come, Truth, and teach a bosom to be wise,
Which mourn'd too long for disappointed love.

What art thou—wond'rous impulse of desire,
Which blooming hope so pleasingly has drest?
Or whence proceeds th' involuntary fire;
Which burns so fiercely in the human breast?

Sweet inconsistent offspring of the sky,
The latent cause in tenderness declare;
Nor force the heart eternally to sigh,
And yet conceive the motive of despair.

If Mira's face in every charm is drest,
 Why am I doom'd incessantly to pine ?
 Or shall the coldness of another's breast,
 Create a sharp anxiety in mine ?

Alas ! since being smil'd upon the morn,
 And nature saw how excellent it rose ;
 Thy race, O man, to misery was born,
 And doom'd to bear probationary woes.

Too easy nature, indolently kind,
 From fate's severe restrictions to depart,
 Gave man a passive tenderness of mind,
 And beauty's sole dominion o'er the heart.

But yet the pang of never hoping love,
 To time's last moments destin'd to conceal ;
 Is not the only sorrow we must prove,
 The only sorrow we are doom'd to feel.

A latent train of hydra-headed woes,
 From life each dearer benefit has stole ;
 Destroy'd the smallest glimmer of repose,
 And damp'd the choicest blessings of the soul.

Perhaps, e'en now, some high distinguish'd name,
 Rais'd up to grandeur, and enrich'd by place,
 Starts from some new imaginary shame,
 Or only slumbers to a fresh disgrace.

Perhaps, now tortur'd on imperial down,
 Some scepter'd mourner languishes his hour ;
 And sinks beneath the burthen of a crown,
 The slave of greatness, and the wretch of pow'r,

Some ill-star'd youth, whose melancholy moan
 As vainly founded in unpitying ears ;
 Now weeps, perhaps, in bitterness alone,
 And gives a lavish freedom to his tears.

Science, which left him polish'd and refin'd,
 Has giv'n a new occasion to complain ;
 And knowledge only has enlarg'd his mind,
 To make it more susceptible of pain.

No hand, alas ! its kind assistance lends,
 To drive misfortune from his lowly door ;
 For when, O when, did wretchedness make friends ?
 Or who will seek acquaintance with the poor ?

Perhaps some virgin is this moment led,
 All sicklied over with dejected charms,
 Compell'd to languish in a hated bed,
 And seem quite happy in detested arms.

Wedded to anguish and repining care,
 Yet bound to wear no sorrow in her eye ;
 And tho' condemn'd for ever to despair,
 Deny'd the humble privilege to sigh.

How dread a picture meditation brings
 Of life's unceasing wretchedness below !
 Where the long chain and ordinance of things
 Appear so fraught with misery and woe.

Yet rest, my soul, submissively, O rest,
 Nor think that virtue has been treated hard :
 This world was made to prove it in the breast,
 And not alone intended to reward.

The great first cause, all-gracious, has design'd,
His endless transports for a world of bliss,
To crown a moral rectitude of mind,
And bless obedient righteousness in this.

Whatever ills in this uncertain state,
Lamenting man may frequently have known,
Spring from no wish or negligence of fate,
But some unhappy error of his own.

Then all resign'd, O let him pour his heart !
And kiss the sharp, but salutary rod !
Nor, tho' condemned in bitterness to smart,
Presume to throw the blame upon his God.

The Death of

A L I C O.

*An African Slave, condemned for Rebellion,
in Jamaica, 1762.**By BRYANT EDWARDS, ESQ. of Jamaica.***T**IS past:—Ah! calm thy * cares to rest!

Firm and unmov'd am I:—

In freedom's cause I barr'd my breast,—

In freedom's cause I die.

Ah stop! thou dost me fatal wrong:—

Nature will yet rebel;

For I have lov'd the very long,

And lov'd thee very well.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs,

I soon shall wing my way;

Where joy shall lead the circling hours,

Unless too long thy stay.

* He is supposed to address his wife at the place of execution.

☉ speed, fair sun ! thy course divine ;
My *Abala* remove ;——

There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
And I for ever love :

On those blest shores—a slave no more !

In peaceful ease I'll stray ;

Or rouse to chase the mountain boar,
As unconfin'd as day !

No christian tyrant there is known

To mark his steps with blood,

Nor sable mis'ry's piercing moan

Resounds through ev'ry wood !

Yet I have heard the melting tongue,

Have seen the falling tear ;

Known the good heart by pity wrung,

Ah ! that such hearts are rare !

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes !

—I reach the joyful hour ;

Now bid the scorching flames arise,

And these poor limbs devour !

But, know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine

Eternal war to wage ;

The death thou giv'st shall but combine

To mock thy baffled rage.

O death, how welcome to th' oppress'd !

Thy kind embrace I crave !

Thou bring'st to mis'ry's bosom rest,

And freedom to the slave !



A

M O N O D Y

TO THE MEMORY OF
LADY LITTLETON.

By LORD LITTLETON.

*Ipse cava solans agrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat,*

I.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burthen'd heart relief,
And pour fourth all my stores of grief,

B b

Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'erthading hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen !
But never shall you now behold her more :
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice,
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring :
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For death has stop'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;

Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
 N6r by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found :
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of H——y, where is now your boast ?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye :
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly ;
 With nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
 Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your Youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of Truth ?

O loss beyond repair !
 O wretched Father left alone
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas ! is gone,
 From folly, and from vice, their helpless age to save ?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual Love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow ?
 Could not your fav'rite pow'r, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas ! your pow'r prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow !

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play ;
 Nor then on (a) Mincio's bank
 Beset with officers dank,

(a) The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

Nor where (b) Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where through hanging woods
 Steep (c) Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where (d) Meles, or (e) Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome?
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire;
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what in Britain's isle
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of reason and of fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?

(b) The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

(c) The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

(d) The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melisigenes.

(e) The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Ah ! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind ;
 To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd ?

X.

At least ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden character's her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb.
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn.
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace !
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind.
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness :
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want, and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !

Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smiles or frown ;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or int'rest or ambition's highest prize :
 That injur'd or offended never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd ,
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
 Amidst the acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head :

From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen :
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride
 A sudden blast from Appeninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows :
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and
 dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bow'rs,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
 To me resign the vocal shell ;
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand !
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art,
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed

Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain :
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd, and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live ?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give ?
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
 raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find ?
 On whom for consolation shall I call ?
 Support me, every friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas ! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, thy best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
 Each fav'rite author we together read
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy
 dead.

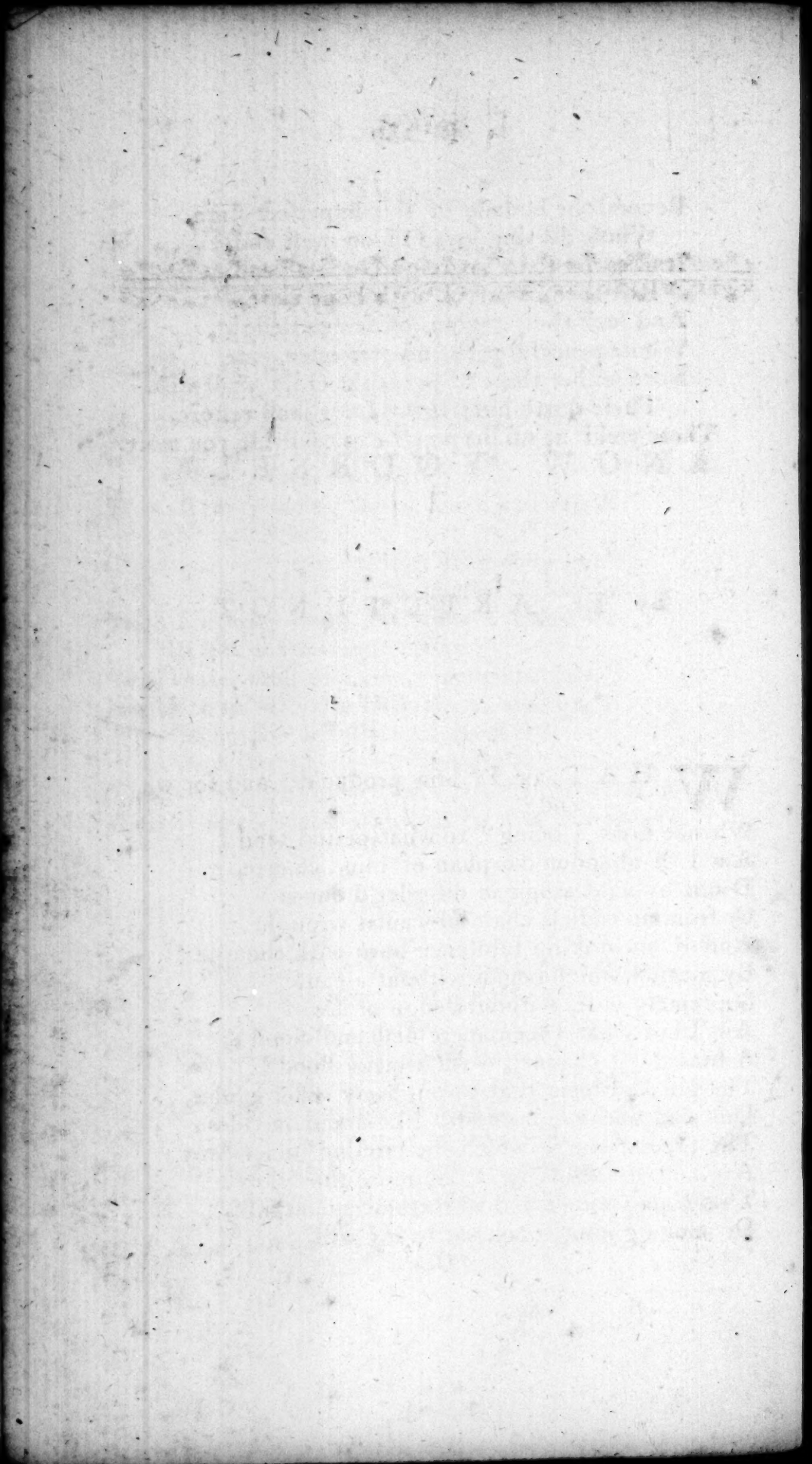
XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind?
 'The rolling year its varying course perform'd
 And back return'd again ;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain ;
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke !
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
 Was his most righteous will, and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure, exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heav'nly radiance of eternal light.
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss ;
 Ev'n love itself if rising by degrees

Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever open gate
 Nor feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.





KNOW YOURSELF.

By Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I? how produc'd; and for what
end?

Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropt by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem mere flesh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessel glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides:
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame compacted with transcendant skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,

C c

Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe like yonder tree,
 Waxes and waxes ; I call it mine, not me.
 New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains ;
 And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
 What am I then ? sure, of a nobler birth,
 By parents right, I own as mother, earth ;
 But claim superior lineage by my Sire,
 Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heav'nly fire ;
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd
 By double nature double instinct sway'd :
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky ;
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
 View worlds around their flaming concerts roll :
 What steady powers their endless motions guide,
 Through the same trackless paths of boundless void !
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
 And weigh the whirling plannets in a scale :
 These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue, -
 Some glittering trifle offer'd to my view,
 A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,
 Erase the new-born image from my mind !
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
 Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
 And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.
 If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
 I rove to one, now to the other coast ;

To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.
 As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth ;
 So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
 Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
 Pity him, beasts ! you by no law confin'd,
 Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind ;
 Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays ;
 Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste ;
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy :
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
 Whether next sun his being shall restrain
 To endless nothing, happiness or pain.

Around me, lo ! the thinking thoughtless crew,
 (Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue ;
 Of them I ask the way ; the first replies
 Thou art a god ; and sends me to the skies :
 Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,
 There fix the lot, thy bliss and endless rest :
 Between these wide extremes the length is such,
 I find I know too little or too much.

“ Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command,
 “ Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;
 “ Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,
 “ Or break into my soul with perfect day !”
 This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
 The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
 Thus the benighted traveller that strays
 Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;
 The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
 Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.

" O Truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,
 " I grope and guess no more, but see my way ;
 " Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
 " And told me what those mystic tokens meant ;
 " Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
 " Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
 " Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
 " Their systems false, delusive were their dreams :
 " Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
 " One nur'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride ;
 " Those jarring truths, which human art beguile,
 " Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."
 Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
 What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree ;
 Faultless thou drop'dst from his unerring skill,
 With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will :
 Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
 For who has power to walk, has pow'r to rove :
 Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve ;
 And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
 Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight;
 Left thy Creator, and the realms of light ;
 Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil ;
 And thought to grow a god by doing ill :
 'Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,
 In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
 'Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
 Too faint to mount, yet restless too aspire ;
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
 'The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;
 Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes ;
 'Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
 Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd.

Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,
 In what thou want'st and what thou hast possess'd.
 In vain, thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,
 Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God :
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
 Borne on the wings of vain philosophy ;
 Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes ;
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :
 Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,
 Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.



ODE TO EVENING.

By Mr. W. COLLINS.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste EVE, to sooth thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
O NYMPH reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
 Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :
 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
 With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,
 Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return !
 For when thy folding star arising shews
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in flow'rs the day,

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,

The PENSIVE PLEASURE sweet

Prepare thy shawdowy car.

Then lead calm Vot'refs, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,

Or up-land fallows grey

Reflects its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,

Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side,

Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,

And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw

The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While summer loves to sport

Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;

Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train,

And rudely rends thy robes;

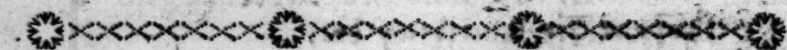
So long, sure-found beneath the Sylvan shed,

Shall FANCY, FRIENDSHIP, SCIENCE, rose lip'd

HEALTH,

Thy gentlest influence own,

And hymn thy fav'rite name!



A

NIGHT PIECE.

By Miss CARTER.

WHILE Night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul:
 While Reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And Life's deceitful colours fade away:
 To thee! all conscious presence! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought.
 Here all my better faculties confine,
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from Virtue's path has stray'd:
 Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd:
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd:
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
 Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve!
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the Virtue I adore!
 Oft' when thy better spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising Goodness in my breast,

Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Shouldst thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
But oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of Despair:
From rigorous Justice steals the vengeful hour;
Softens the dreadful attribute of Power;
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey:
Lest lurking Folly with insidious art
Regain my volatile inconstant heart
Shall every high resolve Devotion frames,
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
O rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of Sleep my tomb.
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then when the great Archangel's potent sound
Shall echo thro' Creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death with joy survey
The opening splendours of eternal day.



The YOUTH *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

A F A B L E.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

A Grecian Youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed and guide the wheel.
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the throng
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length quite vain, he needs would shew
His master what his art could do ;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood nymphs started at the sight,
The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire !

Howe'er the youth with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car,
The lash rebounds, the courfers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crouds with eager eyes,

And shouts pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' intended plain,
The self-same tract he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling croud;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth he cry'd,
Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd)
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd the from a coachman's fate
To govern men and guide the state.

F I N I S.

